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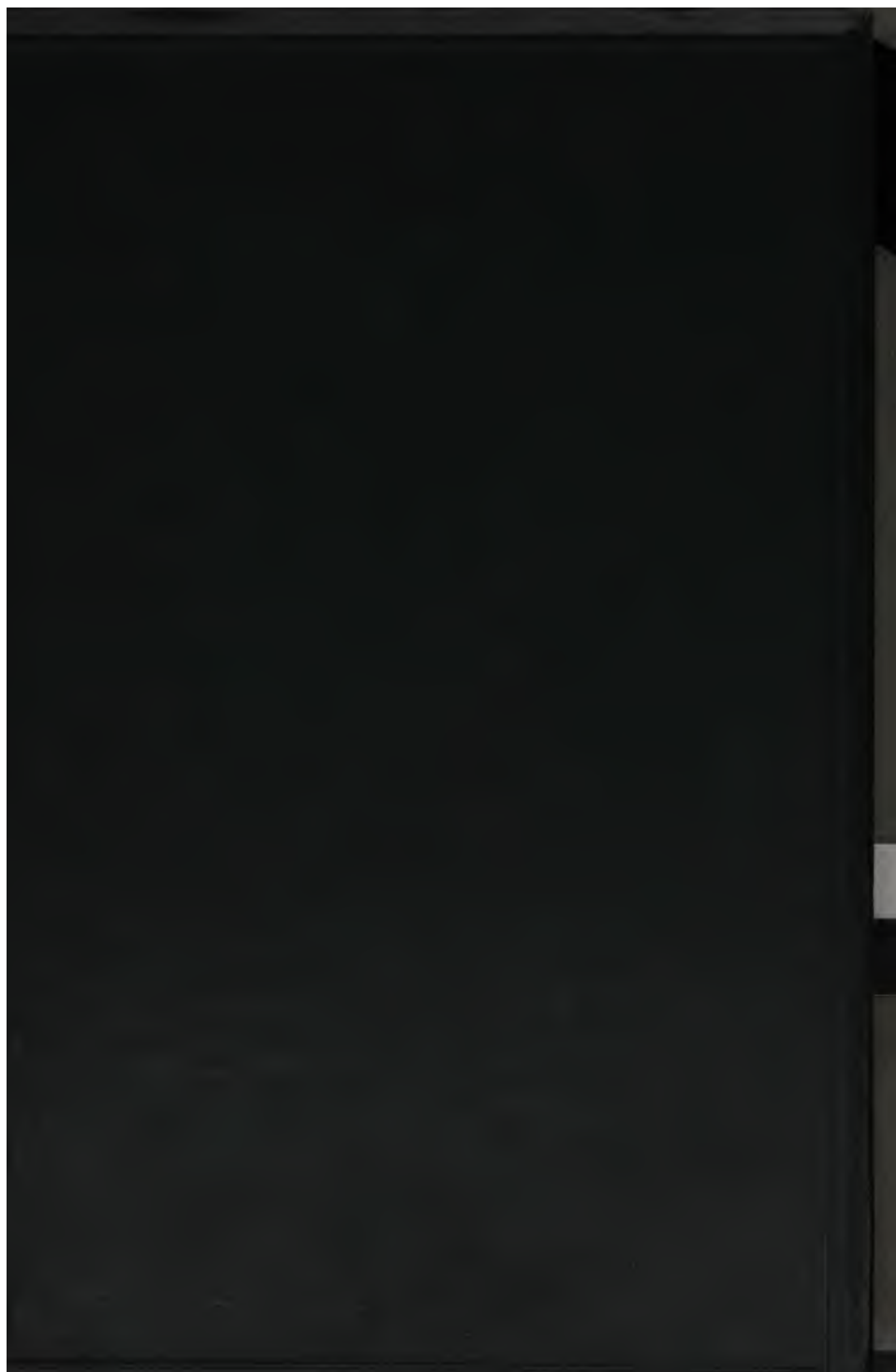
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FLYING FROM A SHADOW.

A WORK OF WANDERINGS.

VOL. I.

a



FLYING FROM A SHADOW.

A WORK OF WANDERINGS.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

TO SOUTHERN SEAS.

BY

FRANK FRANKFORT MOORE.



LONDON:

SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15, WATERLOO PLACE.

1872.

280 : 885

DEDICATION.



I.—A VOICE OF THE NORTH.

O LARK, far off I hear thee sing
Thy rapture to the breaking East ;
Thou scatterest with thy voice and wing
The voiceless mists that roll and cling
About thee, spirit earth-releas't.

Thou feelest on thy breast a ray
Fall, ere the world has felt the sun,
And singest though the earth is grey,
The glory of a breaking day,
The wonder of a life begun.

Thou Poet, has thy heart a care
If we that linger far beneath,
Know not thy rapture in this air
Grey with morn's mystery, if we share
No joy thou feelest morning breathe ?

Dedication.

We know not ; but we know thy song
Thrills, and the strength of morning breaks
About the world, and o'er the throng
Of shaken seas is flasht along
The splendour that thy voice awakes.

We leave this world, and gaze amid
The mists with longing in our eyes ;
We see thee not, for thou hast slid
Beyond our sight, in glory hid,
We only see the opened skies.

II.—IN A STRANGE LAND.

FAR off a wanderer hailleth thee
Whose voice made joyful every morn
In lands beyond that farthest sea
Which moves in distance, silently
Beneath the thrill of day new-born.

In silence by a tropic shore,
O'ershadowed by the moveless palm,
Thy voice comes unto me once more,
And lingers though the dawn be o'er,
And day be round me and the calm.

Through this warm calm thy voice is heard,
By this dark river's lilled side ;
Through broad-leaved wood-ways never stirr'd
By sweet voice of a loving bird ;
Through glades wherein strange things abide.

And there a bird of ruby wing,
A sunbeam lost within the brake
Of tangled branch and plants that cling,
Floats, silent as the beams that spring
About thee when the skies awake.

A strange bird and a languid stream ;
A strange plant heavy-hanging nigh ;
A broad leaf floating in a gleam
Of red sun ; all things as in dream
Most silent from earth unto sky.

But through the warm calm now I gaze
And with mine eyes my soul goes forth
Unto the land of many lays,
The land of unforgotten days,
The singing places of the North.

The cool sea-breath, the cool sweet mist,
I feel upon my cheek again ;
Again unto thy song I list,
And with the morn my face is kist,
And laved with sweet scents of the plain.

A dream ; but unto me has come
The comfort that a rich dream brings ;
The comfort of a glimpse of home
Unto the restless hearts that roam
Amid the strangeness of all things.

A dream ; for over me the palm
Waves, and the warm morn air is mute ;
The land lies slumbrous, swathed in calm ;
And over all a breath of balm
Hangs, odorous of large forest fruit.

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TO SOUTHERN SEAS.

ON THE COAST.

I.—AT THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

COLD light is on the drifting sea ;
No colour on the long bare coasts ;
The wandering wave-birds move like ghosts
Through the grey mist, and shriek and flee
For ever mournfully.

The sea-wave wraps the low cliff base,
And with a thread of foam inwreathes
The half-hid rock ; the grey sea breathes
With motion, but we cannot trace
A light upon its face.

On the Coast.

The mist is soundless ; the sky bare
Of starlight ; the long shore is white
With hanging vapour, and its light
Clings to the sea and slumbers there,
But gladdens not the air.

The coast is desolate and bleak
With chill mist ; there is nought of love
From dim sea to dim sky above :
And not a whisper of wind doth speak
Of hope upon our cheek.



II.—A VOICE OF THE MIST.

A MIST is hanging round the shore,
And shuts the low sea from our sight,
A chill grey mist that evermore
Is moving through the falling night.

A wind comes hither from the sea,
And freshens all the clinging air ;
It blows the mist away from me,
It makes the creeping waters bare.

But looking out I scarce perceive
The white line where the ocean ends ;
For to the sands the shadows cleave,
Until the beach with ocean blends.

We hear a coast-bird through the mist,
As it is flying o'er the hill ;
We cannot choose but stand and list
The equal wailing clear and shrill.

I follow the wild fitful cry
Of that true bird which finds its rock
Through nights of mist, when long winds sigh,
And white seas on the flat cliffs shock.



III.—THE LAST LEAF.

A WIND came up when it darkened,
From the unknown seas of the west ;
I stood by the sea and hearkened
To the motion of its unrest :
Sad and fitful and faint and uncertain
Was the earliest wind that blew ;
But it brought from the distance a curtain
That hid all the heaven from our view.

The waters their crests were assuming,
As they rusht on the rocks of the coast ;
And the moon that the clouds were entombing
Moved faint through the night as a ghost.
The heart of the ocean was throbbing,
And its sound swept over the shore ;
It was heard where the sad forest's sobbing
A sorrow to each of us bore.

For we knew that the wind chill of rushing,
Was sweeping away the last trace
Of a summer of gladness, and crushing
The few leaves long left of the race.
The voice that was swaying the ocean,
And bidding the last leaves depart,
And shaking the wood with its motion,
That voice swept its sound through our heart.

The forest all night was lamenting
The beauties the spoiler had torn ;
Some hearts to its sorrow assenting,
Were weeping their tears till the morn.
But I wept not to feel the cold finger
Of storm, and the chill of the blast :
But I said, "Sweep my heart till there linger
No leaf of the treacherous past."

And I spake to the hearts that were wailing,
And I said to the sad souls that wept,
"Why weep that the autumn is failing,
That the summer no promise has kept ?
Knew ye not that the summer departed,
Was false in its beautiful eves ?
This lingering autumn chill-hearted,
With shaking of bough and rent leaves ?

" If the grief of the past be all hidden,
If this voice sweep the falsehood away,
Are your hearts to its entrance forbidden ?
Will ye weep till the dawning of day ? "

But the dolorous hearts heeded never,
But lay on the ground in their tears ;
And the wailing went onward for ever
Through the night full of dimness and fears.

IV.—A SHADOW OF THE COAST.

WHEN midnight becometh a beautiful time with the
breathing
Of stars that are loved ; and a grey sea moves and
dreams
Into distance, and slow-slipping waves coming nigh are
inwreathing
Rocks of the coasts with foam, woven silk of far
streams :

In the midnight arising with love of stars that are cherisht ;
Over the coast it comes, more faint than a moon
Lifted in light of the things that have fallen and perisht,
When night is outworn, and beauty of morn breaketh
soon :

It cometh ; the sound of its coming is sad ; it is folded
In sadness that clings to the shore ; the sound of its
voice
Is cold to our faces ; it speaks as a sweet voice of old did :
There is nothing around or about it of souls that
rejoice.

It cometh : a beautiful thing of the nights of clear starlight :
It clasps us with clasping of hands that are bloodless
and cold ;
We are chill in their touch : the light of its eyes is a far
light
Looking towards us from the days we have ceast to
behold.

It is pallid of face : it casteth a light as it moveth
Hither, that falleth around me and stayeth as mist
Of moonlight clingeth cold to a coast that none loveth
To stray on, with sand that waters of mourning have kist.

When spirits of slumbering ones of the earth have arisen
Unto the place of high stars, and clasp hands, and
touch lips
Of those whom the mists of a dim world no longer im-
prison,
On whom neither sundawn arises nor red sunset dips :

Where spirits of earth arise and with spirits of heaven
Mix and are claspt, and wander and speak of fair things,
In lands rich of colour, in places of flower whence are
driven
Perfumes, and balm that a joy to a worn spirit brings :

Where the odour of paths, and the wonder of words that
are spoken,
Refresh the spirit with comfort that cometh of sleep ;
And the grief of the daylight is healed, and its sorrow is
broken,
In the calm that lingers ever, and slumber is deep :

Where all things are rich and so filled with delight and
with wonder,
The spirit that dreams and moves in their midst
cannot bear

One memory back to the world that is wandering under
The long high ways of heaven, and paths that are fair :

It cometh to me : and the drooping of sleep is pleasant
With dreams of sunsets of gold in a summer of love :
And joy of the past outworn, and a grief of the present
Are nought ; it cometh as slumber comes from above.

Her feet are sandalled with gold of lost suns ; the
splendour

Of autumn sunsets has crowned her ; the song she
breathes

Is sweet of sound as echoes that fly through a tender
Twilight from vales rich in sound from cliffs of
sun-wreaths.

She cometh hither : her motion a wan light sheddeth

Over the things that are nigh, but its falling is cold
As the light that dimly faints from a ghost shape that
treadeth

With steps that are heard not in nights pale to behold.

She leadeth me on with the touching of hands unforgotten,

By woodland ways made sere with red leaves and dead,
Where a worn wind brushes at eve ; and on by the
rotten

And fruitless boughs with branches that quail over-
head.

By the heath-land, and on by the long straight paths of
waste places

Made desolate with the cry of the heron, and wail
Of wandering bird flying thither from where the cliff-
bases

Are wet with waters that drift when grey waves fail.

By rustling reeds, and rushes, and rank grass of sedges,
Swayed and surged and shaken with wind of grey
eves;

By marshland, and on by the dim bare lake, and the
ledges

Of coastway in sound of a sea that evermore grieves.

By weed-claspt dolorous places of life forsaken,
And halls where the wild bat flaps and strange things
have home,

A solitude where no beauties of sound awaken,
Where winds when the moon is white arise and
roam.

She moves; my feet are led, we wander thither:

The night comes down when eve is wasted in
tears,

As we wander over the places of things that wither
Beneath this Shadow of days that are lost in dead
years.

In the cold fair light of her coming the things that are
gracious

With moonlight and lingering stars, look fainter and
wane,

As when a moon moves on through the dawn o'er the
spacious
Brinks of a heaven that was dark where no dark doth
remain.

All things we pass seem things of the days that abide
not ;
The shade of the past is about them ; their garments
are pale
With a beauty the lonely weed-covered graves of Time
hide not,
As they hide the love of a life and the hopes that were
frail.

It stayeth by me, that shadow of beauty, and lingers
With thoughts that are chill and memories undying but
sad,
It dies not as stars at the dawn ; the touch of its
fingers
Is over the heart yet warm with one joy it has had.

My soul looks out to a sea that is borne and drifted
Ever about the skies of the South ; it is fair
With foam of waves in the morn ; its face is uplifted
In night to the sky of stars and face of clear air.

My soul looks out, it is full of the love of longing
To breathe the breath that the soul of the great sea
breathes
At dawn of light, at eve, at the time of the thronging
Of stars, in calm, and in time of its tost foam-
wreaths.

It is full of love of tasting the wind that falls over
Its face with odours of islands, and shores rich in
palm ;
Green, dreaming, soundless islands of rest whereon hover
Perfumes of forest fruit, spice-bearing and balm.

It is deep in longing to rise and fly from the faithless
Paths of the shore to the faithful ways of the sea ;
As unto a land of summer undying and deathless,
Arises the swallow and thitherward seeketh to flee.

PASSING.



I.—A WIND FROM THE NORTH.

FAR off the days of summer seem,
Yet scarce a single moon has past
Since we beheld a dying stream
Of sunset glance with smouldering gleam
On leaves with yellow now o'ercast.

Then only did the leaf of green
Redden, reflecting sunset's ray ;
And when the eve had drawn her screen
Of dusk across the quiet scene,
The borrowed flush had fallen away.

Far off the time the brake-bird made
Its nest upon the thick-clad bough ;
And eves when skimming swallows play'd
Round every tree-top in the glade,
Appear all long departed now.

Passing.

And distant all the eves we met
 Beneath green boughs with hearts of hope ;
Lingering long when the sun had set,
And dews of twilight fell and wet
 With faint drops all the young wood slope.

The brake-bird now is heard no more ;
 The skimming swallow—is it flown ?
The joy of leafy eve is o'er ;
The autumn falls about the shore :
 And I stand by the sea—alone.



II.—LOOKING FORTH.

By eve on the deserted shore
 I wandered where cold waters rest
On sands which in the days before,
We oftentimes had wandered o'er,
 On eves when every eve was blest.

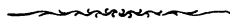
The Eastern hills beyond the bay
 Were silvered, white and tremulous
About the ridges, for a ray
Of moonlight beauty sprung to play
 From farthest seas awaked them thus.

A weak star in the far sky shook ;
A wind arose, and strengthening soon,
Blew silvery blasts in every nook
Of sea-caves that the sea forsook
Before the dawning of the moon.

Then over white peaks slipt a glow
Of glory, and the moon upcrept
Before our eyes, and shred her snow
Of flake-light to the seas below,
And places that in dimness slept.

Light fell on dark rocks by my side,
And washt upon the wet grey sands ;
It glittered with the trembling tide,
And showed a white ship turned to glide
By moonlight into distant lands.

The sweet light broke within my breast,
And left a thousand shivered beams
To whisper hope to a soul opprest ;
To breathe of lands where life is rest,
And wanderings in a world of dreams.



III.—THE FIRST FLIGHT.

ALONG the moonlight comes a sound
That floateth ever drawing nigh ;
A wailing wandereth around
The dreary North, whose clouds have found
No pleasure from the wakened sky.

It draweth close, and overhead
We hear the voices through the night ;
Across the moon we see a thread
Of wavering blackness onward led ;
The Birds of Passage in their flight.

And all the air is thick with cries
That fitful fall along and wane
In wildness onward over skies,
Till far away the wailing dies
And all the night is still again.

But we shall hear throughout the night
The voice of those that follow on ;
Lost from the denseness of the flight,
Wandering like ghosts till dawn of light,
And South the latest bird be gone.



IV.—THE CRY OF THE CLOUD.

THE earliest voices that awoke
The answering spirits of the coast,
About my heart in sadness broke ;
For of the vanish'd past they spoke,
And wailed of days for ever lost.

But when the moon they overspread,
Again in sky and water shone,
The dimness from my heart was shred ;
And every memory of the dead
In faith and love, afar had gone.

At first they sung this song to me ;
“ Departed—all departed quite ;
Ah, gone for evermore from thee,
The days of summer's brilliancy,
And we are wandering in the night.”

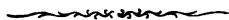
But when I saw them stretch away,
And cluster round the Southern seas,
A murmur floated o'er the bay,
And shook about my heart a lay
That stirred its echo-melodies.

“ We wander in the night, but know
There is a land of rest beyond ;
Where never winds of autumn blow ;
A land of hope, and breathing low,
The air is ever rich and fond.

“ We wander in the night ; we seek
A summer in the south, but thou,
The breath about thy heart is bleak,
And cold the north upon thy cheek ;
While we to hope are stretching now.

“ Oh follow, for the shore is cold ;
Oh follow ; there are shores of peace
Washt by a moon of clearer gold,
And clearer waters than infold
These rocks with wreath of chill foam-fleece.”

And often through the night I heard
In dimness failing far away
The wanderers' voices, and the word
Of “ follow,” from the following bird,
Till “ follow, follow,” broke the day.



V.—WHITHER.

THEY flee unto a shore unknown
To those who linger in the North,
On coasts whose voice by night is lone,
When long grey waters wash and moan
Round skies when not a light looks forth.

They linger not ; their soul has lost
The love of the long summer eves ;
The love of foliage green and glost
With sun-streams, ere this autumn tost
The branches barren of the leaves.

The love that tarried in the vale,
And clad with brilliant things the slope ;
With star-flowers, hanging not too frail
To shake in touches of the gale
That whispered through a morn of hope.

The love of slender silken stream
That glistened through the purple glen,
And sprinkled the slight ferns with gleam
Of dew, on noons of brilliant beam,
On noons that shall not shine again.

The love of voiceless river ways,
Wherein the quick kingfisher hides ;
Wherein upon the sultry days,
The dragon-fly on gold wing plays,
And bright in sunbeams gleams and glides.

The beauty of the silent lake,
Upon the moonlit summer night ;
When no faint wind moved to awake
The calmness of its face, or shake
Its lilies floating in the light.

The beauty of the summer's love,
Of flower and leaf and light is lost :

The north is cold ; they rise and move
With quick wings through the air above
The bleak cliffs of the autumn coast.

They rise and flee ; they see a land
That eyes unlit cannot behold ;
A place of fruits and forests fann'd
By odorous airs of isles whose sand
Spreads to green sea its finest gold.



VI.—OUT OF SIGHT.

O SWALLOW, we have seen them fade,
The beauties of the fair song-time ;
The green leaves and the things that made
A wonder of the ringing glade
With perfumes of another clime.

O swallow, we have wandered on
The path of yellow leaves and crusht ;
Through green hopes of a summer gone,
By loves that in the dead days shone,
And through red leaf-ways we have brusht.

O swallow, in the autumn ways
We have beheld no joy of love ;
The shining of the long sun days
Is vanish'd, and the wind that strays
At eve is bleak on boughs above.

O swallow, there remaineth now
In place of love, a season's grief ;
A coldness on the valley's brow ;
With sorrow of the barren bough,
And crushing of the fallen leaf.

O swallow, thou hast risen and fled
In hope from coasts where hope is o'er ;
Far from the desolate and dead
Paths of fair things by autumn shred,
And from the solitary shore.

O swallow, thou shalt soothe thy pain,
Upon the land of thy desire :
But I—will grief of autumn wane,
When yellow leaves no more remain
In winter's sadness of attire ?



VII.—FOLLOWED BY A HEART.

I KNOW beyond that farthest wave,
The resting lands of wandered bird
Are lying ; and the waters lave
Rich coasts and throb in many a cave,
With sounds that from the land are heard.

Thither the swallow now has fled ;
I follow, and with longing eyes
Upon its path my soul is led,
Through seas with wastes of long waves spread
Beneath me to the brink of skies.

Thither the wandered birds have rest ;
They know not there a season's grief :
They know long thicket pathways drest
In green of days when loveliest
With light of sun are flower and leaf.

They know all fair rich forest things ;
And I too would arise and know
The beauty of the southern springs,
One truth of love that ever clings
About coasts whither swallows go.



VIII.—A BEAUTY FOUND.

THEY glide about the sunlit glades,
Upon the land when noon is calm ;
They flit and flee as twilight fades
To moonlight over sunset shades
Of large trees and the silent palm.

Upon the breathless inland lake
They skim with swift blue wing aslant,
Above broad floating leaves that shake
In ripples when their wanderings make
A motion round each water-plant.

They curve with quick glance of flat wing,
By broad, slow river-borders, dense
With tangled shrubs and plants that cling
About tall trees, and droop and swing
Upon the river passing thence.

In heavy calm of night they sleep
In midst of woods where nothing stirs ;
Where slumbrous odours fall and creep ;
Where calm of moonlight night is deep ;
Where calm abides for wanderers.

IX.—LOOKING BACK.

WHEN twilight and the purple dyes
Upon that fair, far land have come,
Do dewy dreams of eve not rise
And float before a wanderer's eyes
With visions of the northern Home ?

Passing.

A slender cloud that one perceives
When day is gathered to the West,
About a soul that gazes, weaves
Clear memories of departed eves,
And sunsets reddened into rest.

A first star shivering, weak in breath
Of earliest star-time can awake
With its faint whispers, from the death
Of days, a dream that lingereth
Through night until the morning break.

A day his heart will not forget
Comes from the shadows of dead years ;
“ Upon the last sweet eve we met
That faint one glistened through the net
Of leaves claspt wet with twilight tears.”

Ah, surely in the girding seas,
Earth's lands lie not so far apart,
But that where'er a wanderer flees,
He still may bear the memories
Of distance clinging to his heart.

Ah, surely all her lands are bound,
And linkt together in strong chain-hold
Of one fair Nature that has found
In every far land girt around
With sea, an answering link of gold.

One bright link moulded by her hands,
A strong link of that perfect chain

Which binds with firm, unbroken bands
The hearts of dwellers on the lands
That separate by her seas remain.

O fleet-winged wanderers in the way
Of lands our feet have never known,
Do not your hearts in dreaming stray
To places of a sweet, dead day,
On shores with memories overgrown ?

Do thoughts of the forsaken nest
Within some village of the North
Come ever, bringing to your breast
The memories of a summer's rest
Before the days of going forth ?

The noons by wooded river spent ;
The dewy mornings by the moor ;
The eves by seas of calm unrent
In the cool winds that bore a scent
Of ocean to the silent shore ?

The moonlight on the ivy leaves
Which clothe a grey and ancient tower ;
The white dawn ere the sky receives
The day, and from the shadowy eaves
Sweet whispers of the tender hour ?

The poppies floating—sun-flusht isles—
Within the autumn's golden sea,
On noons when every air beguiles
A soul to dream in light that smiles
On flower-tracts whence rich perfumes flee.

Do not these thoughts arise and come
About you with light cold and sad ?
Rise not these visions of the Home
Like shadows pale of face that roam
With mist-light girt about and clad ?

Lingers there not a voice of song
Breathed by dear lips about you still ?
With tenderest memories of the long
Noons spent among the singing throng,
Whose voices made the woodland thrill ?

In every memory dwells not grief—
Of days that you have seen depart,
With sorrow of the crushing leaf,
And sadness of the fallen sheaf,—
And sadness of a wandered heart ?

We know not in your wandering,
What visions of the North arise ;
We only know about you cling
The freshened beauties of deep spring,
And over you calm southern skies.



X.—LINGERING ON THE SHORE.

THE autumn wanes ; the wind is cold
That cometh hither from the sea ;
The trouble of drifting sea is roll'd
About cliff bases ; and the fold
Of the drear skies is over me.

The cold foam of the moving tides
Is blown and sprinkled in my face ;
A wet mist on the sky abides,
And clingeth to the moon, and hides
The beauty of her wandering place.

The cold damp moonlight wrappeth all
The shore in garments of a ghost ;
The sands whereon the crusht waves fall ;
The bare face of the worn cliff wall
That standeth on the broken coast.

There comes a shadow from the land,
And moves in dimness to my side
Along the shore of barren sand,
Unto the cliff whereon I stand,
And look out to the drifting tide.

Mine eyes look out unto the worn
And changing paths of seas that move ;
Mine eyes look out on seas that mourn
For light about the farthest bourn
Of skies where tarrieth no love.

I gaze in dimness, but I dream
Of light that is not light of day,
Awakening in those skies which seem
Unshaken with any joy or beam
Of beauty whither cold waves stray.

I gaze ; but to the shore there clings
The ghostly vapour of hidden light ;
And shadows of fair faded things
Arise and move with moveless wings
Amid the dimness of the night.



XI.—BREATHING OF MIST.

O FAIR pale Shadow at my side,
That lookest out unto the sea ;
What seëst thou upon that tide,
O pallid one that dost abide
On shores where not a love can be ?

O cold the falling of thy breath
That cometh hither on my cheek,
With dream of sun days fallen in death ;
With dream of love that tarrieth
No longer on these chill coasts and bleak.

Thy hands that touch my hands are white,
Thine eyes that gaze forth with mine eyes
Are ever joyless, and their light
Is sad with sadness of this night,
And pale with pallor of the skies.

Thine eyes see not, O pallid one,
O fair, sweet Shadow standing pale,
A light more rich than moons that shone
O'er paths the swallow has wandered on
Ere love of singing time did fail.

Thou hearest not the sounds which come
About us, fainting through the air
From paths where passing swallows roam,
In wandering to a southern home
On lands void of a season's care.

But with the sound of woven song
From that far clime my heart is bound ;
And surge of seas that sway along
The cliffs, and wail of waves that throng
Through night, are lost within that sound.



XII.—THE PRINTS OF THE COAST.

ON cliffs above thick waves I stand,
The solitary shore behind,
And all the barren misty land,
Dim in cloud-light, and wave-washt sand,
In which mine eyes no comfort find.

Between the beach of shells unswept,
And sands whereon the ripple slides,
The prints of wandering feet are kept,
On ways whereon no wave has crept,
Nor any water of sea tides.

The prints of tender treading feet,
On paths made fair by wandering,
When falling of the eve was sweet
With breath of twilight and the fleet
Red hues that to the far heaven cling.

There are they, scattered on the shore
Whereon light feet had joy to stray
When twilight into moonlight wore ;
Fair feet that wander there no more
By moonlight or at fall of day.

But through the vapour of this night
I see a shadow moving pale
And girt about with misty light
Of moons that waste when heaven is white
With dawn-light, and the star-lights fail.

She moveth on the sand imprest
By feet of unforgotten eves ;
Her feet upon the worn prints rest,
Upon that coast in moonlight drest,
Beside a sea that ceaseless grieves.

She moveth, and again to me
The beauties of lost days arise ;
And joys of summer-scented sea
Float back in grief of memory,
And stand with form before mine eyes.

The dream of twilights that have been
About us, and the parting time
Of starlight, and the clear moons seen
Through leafy places bright in green
Of thicket, with the whispered rhyme.

The dreams that fill a heart with care
At parting, pass, and I behold
This shadow of fallen things and fair
Alone is moving through the air
Of moonlight, and the shore is cold.

Oh, cold the shore ; its breathing bleak ;
I turn, I look forth to far seas,
I feel their breath upon my cheek,
I hear their many voices speak
From waters lifted by a breeze.

A longing fills my soul, a strong
Deep longing for the unseen land ;

A passion to go forth with the throng
Of waters, great in speech and song,
From this grey shore whereon I stand.

Forth with the swallow I long to go,
Whither its hope of soul would lead ;
I hear the sea's voice ; I would know
The strong sound of the seas that flow
About the islands vapour-freed.



XIII.—THE LAND OF A HEART.

A BREADTH of land unseen before
Save in my dreaming, I would seek ;
A strange, uncertain, distant shore,
An unknown isle that evermore
Of other things than life shall speak.

Where never sunsets fall as these
That clasp the purple hill with gold ;
Where not a whisper of a breeze
Will come with fallen memories
Of days I shall no more behold.

Where waters in another tone
Are swept upon the rustling shells ;

Where seas remember not to moan
Their weary truth in unison,
With hearts where autumn's sorrow dwells.

A land beneath a sky more blue
Than this far heaven so dimly seen
Through the grey cloud that pales its hue ;
A clime of summer rich and true,
And bosky brakes of brighter green.

A land whose heaven appears more close,
And nearer all its stars awake ;
Far off, the living world of woes
Whose wail shakes never the repose
Of bird, or shrub, or lilled lake.

A shore of glory breathing rest
From purple glen and mountain slope ;
A shore in moonlight splendour drest ;
Where echoes of a sound most blest
Linger for ever whispering hope.



XIV.—ERE BREAK OF DAY.

A DREAM ere rising of the day,
Methought a vision of a life ;
When dawn about the mount was grey,
And the world lost in dreaming, lay
A sea-world with no waters' strife.

In that dim time there came a dream ;
A vision of the sea beyond :
Methought I slipt adown a stream
In twilight, and beheld a gleam
Spring from one fair awakened star.

Upon a twilight-purpled shore,
Where all was calm, did I behold
A light which waved me evermore,
Until the rapid tide that bore
My shallop on was changed to gold.

I streamed toward Thee ; the hues that clung
To that calm shore were rolled around,
Making my dream all rich ; among
Lands of long valleys overhung
With splendour, rest and Thee I found.

THE LAND OF A SHADOW.

I.

WHEN the last eve was drooping slow,
I wandered by the moor
That stretches lonely nigh a lonely shore,
Whereon a sea moans low,
Like one that feels at fall of eve a dread
Of his own loneliness come o'er
His soul, at which he sobs, not loud,
But deep in grief of mourning for one dead ;
Until the beauty of a moon is bowed
Unto the world, and weeping time is fled.

2.

Upon the border of the moor
There stands a lone deserted place ;
The hall of some long-perisht race,
Whose shadows from the far-off shore
Through midnights white with moonlight loved to come
And move about their ancient home :

And many a ghastly moan
Stifled the air when eves were lone,
And the wild-drake stretched across the marsh,
With wailing long and harsh.

3.

And as my feet drew nigh the ancient hall,
The eve was glimmering white and still ;
A wanness had enwoven all
The weeds and ivy of the wall ;
A sudden air made chill
The few bare trees that stood around,
And swept and surged among the reeds,
And bent the long dank weeds
That grew upon this solitary ground.

4.

Out of the rushes of a low, flat lake,
A wild-bird at my coming rose
And fled with flapping wing so close
Unto the surface of the shallow mere,
A brushing feather made the waters shake
In ripples for an instant, but the drear,
Grey twilight stillness came again and glass'd
The surface when the bird had past.

5.

Upon the marge a lonely heron stood,
But rose not from the swaying sedge
As I beheld it from the marsh's edge,
A spirit of the solitude ;
A dweller where no mortal feet intrude,

Where only dismal things are known ;
I watched it in a mood
Of mystery, feeling even more alone
Until this creature of the loneliness
Arose, and through the glimmering eve was gone ;
And the long flags bent to the wind's caress.

6.

All that I saw was drear ; damp moss had sprung
About the porches ; weeds unchecked
Had dared their bareness to erect
About the pillars at the hingeless door :
The bell that long before,
The entrance of a noble guest had rung,
Had rusted where it hung ;
And the broad hall in days departed deckt
Loftily, had become a desolate place ;
The oaken roof was half decayed,
And strange birds played
Beneath the shelter of a noble race.

7.

The room I entered was most drear ;
No step for long had crost the threshold o'er,
Nor longer shriekt the oaken floor
Paced by the foot majestic that was here.
A multitude of dancers did appear,
Where now I watched the wheeling of the bat,
And saw him soar,
And flap against the oak that long before
Trembled in melody, when nobles sat,
And lent to sounds of song a lingering ear,

8.

The grey eve glimmered through the silent room ;
The polished oak shone underneath my foot,
The echo of my tread again was mute :
But horror came upon the ghastly gloom,
And glass'd the floor and glared upon a spot
Black, staining the clear oak with a dark blot ;
A stain that Time removeth not—
The rains of night fall on the empty hearth,
And shrieking winds sweep through the vacant pane,
But neither wind nor rain
Nor touch of heaven nor any hand of earth
Can wash from Time the blackness of that stain.

9.

I gazed upon that horror till a swoon
Of dread fell over me ; the room again
Was peopled with the shapes of ancient men ;
There came a sound of laughter and of song
A moment, and the stately throng
Vanish'd ; and then a light as of a moon
Long-waned and ghostly fell upon the wall,
And slipt a pallor over all ;
A sickly, shivering glance of light, and soon
A beautiful shadow in the strange ray shone
Floating ; the hand it raised
Made light upon the floor and glazed
With greyness of a sea a calm is on,
The blackened board ; a gaze it cast
Upon that blot, then fainted white and past.

10.


But ere the light of that faint one had failed,
Strange voices filled the chamber, stifled cries
Of love mixt with the cry of one that dies ;
And through a thrill of passion one that wailed
A broken faith, and ever that dim sound
Floated like winds that murmur round
A wilderness with ceaseless sighs,
Until the voice of love was drowned
As it went onward ; then I heard the shriek
Of murder ; and the wailing of the weak,
And sighs and dolour at the which I quailed.

11.

They sounded long, then sudden fell and ceast,
As sounds heard by a dreamer flee
And wane and wither into nought when he
Wakens, and lo, the night is very still ;
They fell away ; but that black stain increast
Until its presence seemed to fill
The atmosphere with vapours of the dead ;
Close darkness and a dread
My soul drank, sobbing thick at every breath ;
I breathed as one whose spirit lingereth
At point of death.

12.

Then as I sobbed because the air with fear
Was charnel, suddenly there came a touch
Of light so beautiful I wondered much ;



And I was ware of that which floated clear ;
A vision of distance drawing near.
And with it breathings of a southern land
Whispered around ; an odorous perfume fann'd
The tainted air away ; the vision smiled
When it perceived my soul beguiled
With the soft breath, and in that smile a light
Was shaken, making all the chamber bright.

13.

Then a strange wind of melody arose,
Faint, dim, as when an echo's voice replies
From purple vales unto a sound that dies
For ever into echo : a repose
Upon a silent shore came in its breath
Unto my soul, for as a wind that blows
Landward, then drops, but ever lingereth
Around an island brake and from each tree
Stirs music, came this melody
In richness dimly fainting over me.

14.

The sweet air failed ; I listened in a dream ;
The vision white of visage fell away
Into the moonbeam whose clear ray
Did like a ghost of beauty melt and stream
Through vacant panes ; the ivy leaves that grew
Across the iron grate long shadows threw
Upon the wall : amid the moonlight's gleam
A shriek of night birds from the foliage broke ;

And once a light air blew
Among the sedges, and their voice awoke
Rustling, and yet once more the moan
Of bird, I heard departing from the hall ;
And saw the glimmering heron stand alone
Within the marsh, and moonlight over all.

THE LAST NIGHT.



I. — E V E.

I.

Is it the autumn is bleak
Beyond the autumn of years ;
Damp, and a wind on my cheek,
And night full of dimness and fears ?

Is it the landscape is dead,
Beyond the death of the days
In moons when the sere leaf is shred
From the naked bough that sways ?

Damp in the night and cold,
A sound through the calm of night air ;
Is the shore more sad to behold
Than the shore of the autumns that were ?

That the season, the shore, the night,
Bleaker, more dead and more drear,
Voider of comfort and light,
To the soul that looks forth, appear.

2.

Ah, soul, will it linger for thee,
The year thou beholdest to wane ?
Will they cease for thy weeping to flee,
The comfortless days that remain ?

Canst thou cause with the strength of thy cries
Swift flitting swallows to stay,
When they see in the northern skies
A cloud, and the water is grey ?

Will they turn unto thee indeed
When thou weepest, beholding them leave ?
Will they slacken at all their speed
And drop from the cloud that they cleave ?

Mourn aloud ; will the cloud of the north
Break and be scattered o'er skies ?
It shall come over thee looking forth,
It shall cling to thy heart that cries.

3.

The shore, what is it to our heart ?
A cliff and a rock and a sand,
Waters that come and depart
With a motion blown unto the land ?

I look forth ; the air of a dream,
Floats hither in form unto me,
With the joy of a summer beam,
With the scent of a summer sea.

The Last Night.

With a laughter, a love sweet of song
—The laughter and lisp of a wave ;
With a clasping of hand—the long
Clasp of the waters that lave.

With the touch of a lingering light
It falleth cool on my face ;
It is cool but not as this night,
It moves with a motion of grace.

4.

We cannot divide in our thought
The shore and the summer of love ;
The cliff and bare sand are as nought,
And the rock wrapt with waters that move.

We cannot in thought divide
The life from these things that were cold ;
They are mixt in our thought, they abide
As one form most fair to behold.

The spirit of life in these things
Has made them immortal with breath
Of a life that endures and that clings
About them, beholding no death.

The dream in the breath of the shore
Is the dream of a Love unto me ;
They are mingled and one evermore,
That voice and the voice of the sea.

5.

The autumn is sad as it wanes
 Into winter with shaking of leaves ;
With the flash of a leaf that remains
 Loose to the wind of brief eves.

And the shore that sleeps in the shade
 Of grey sea and the cloud that clings,
Sad by falling of autumn is made,
 With the sorrow that wrappeth all things.

O Soul looking forth to the night,
 Colder than days that have been,
More void of a season's delight
 Unto thee is the land thou hast seen.

O Soul, thou shalt see it no more ;
 This night of the shore is thy last,
The gladness of straying is o'er,
 The sunsets of summer are past.

6.

I depart to a land unseen :
 Will the future be frail to divide
The joys of the shore that have been,
 And the griefs of the shore that abide ?

Did I taste of the joy with my soul ?
 Did I drink of the grief with my heart ?
Will the heart looking back be made whole ?
 Will the joy of my soul depart ?

The heart, growing weary, will shrink,
The soul will wax great and not waste ;
Of the joy with my heart did I drink,
Of the grief with my soul did I taste ?

Will the joy grow cold with the heart ?
Will the grief with the soul grow great ?
When to lands of new day I depart
Will the joy or the grief abate ?

II.—IN THE FOLD OF NIGHT.

A SHADOW like a cloud of long dead years,
Hangs over the worn tracts of coast made bare
By ancient winds that there
Mourned through past nights, and wasted times of tears.

A damp calm clingeth to the barren shore ;
And not a wind comes hither from the fold
Of waste seas that behold
No star or joy of night for evermore.

A darkness clothes this lofty watching tower,
A mist floats banner-wise about the wall ;
And ever over all
Sleeps the dead heaven in vapours of the hour.

My soul feels all the dimness and the chill
Of this deep night, and round my heart there clings
Calm, such a calm as brings
No comfort though the night be very still.

No comfort cometh hither, all is bleak
With desolation of the season lost ;
And vainly on the coast
A motion of gladness or of hope we seek.

The darkness moves not from the trodden ways
Beneath mine eyes ; no wanderer's passing word,
Nor any voice is heard,
Nor any sound of foot of one that strays.

Those dim paths are forsaken ; now no more
The summer's song and joy are known thereon ;
The wandering time is gone
With voices from this solitary shore.

But as I look out in the face of night,
A memory of the straying days comes back,
And flashes upon the track
Worn on the dead coast, with a dead delight.

I listen for the tender tread of feet,
And for the song-voice that made all night glad ;
I listen—it is sad,
This silence of the falling night's deceit.

But we have trodden through the year's sweet spring,
And breathed the perfume of the violet,
And scent of sweet grass wet
With dew, when morn was long in tarrying.

Through the red summer we have gone and seen
 Its wasted sunsets, and the autumn's grief
 Fall with the crusht red leaf,
And brown in woodlands come upon the green.

We have out-trod the seasons of the year ;
 We cannot breathe the breath of the spring slope
 In autumn, and no hope
Lingers about the ways of leaves made sere.

They come not back, the hope and the spring flower
 That were cast wildly over heart and land ;
 But grey days are at hand,
With chill and bitterness of wind for dower.

Through bright green straying places we have gone,
 And wondered why the delicately born
 Spring sweets on that fresh morn
In tears unlifted by the dawning shone.

We knew not why the fresh time should appear
 Weeping ; but now—all things are dead and still,
 And o'er our hearts a chill
That this night breathes not, nor the waning year.

A chill in night, with nakedness of bough
 Beneath mine eyes, and all the air is cold ;
 The fair things to behold
In seasons long of moon we know not now.

Chill in the night and on coasts overcast
 With calm of cloud, sea-chill, in all above
 Dreariness and no love ;
But o'er our hearts a drearier chill has past.

Chill in the night ; but through the gathered air
A sound comes hither ; unto me its tone
Seemeth no more the moan
Of fair things fallen or of joys that were.

I look forth and behold far off, the white,
Thin sea-line curved as long shed waters shrink
With foam, shine like the brink
Of an unknown world long hidden in a night.

Dim is the world of waters ; to our tread
Unknown ; and in the shadow of the dark
Uncertain, and we mark
No beauty in the dimness o'er it spread.

It falleth ever about the feet of heaven ;
It claspeth isles of splendour ; its voice to us
Floats through night tremulous
With mysteries of a darkness yet untriven.

We think the truth of this earth may be found
Within its strong grasp, but we know no more ;
But look out from the shore
With longing whither unsearched seas abound.

The midnight falls cool to my watching-place ;
A wind comes, with its motion my brow is fann'd ;
The comfort of a hand
Tender of touching is upon my face.

It touches with the pressure of a love
Returned : it breaketh from the southern seas
Unbroken by a breeze
Of wrath ; its footsteps through the midnight move.

It breathes about my soul an air of balm,
With the long sweetness of the southern skies ;
It bringeth to mine eyes
A dream of forests and the silent palm.

The glad wind fails ; the night is chill again ;
No motion stirs the stillness of the air ;
Weary the shore and bare
Beneath mine eyes, and the wind's visions wane.

But the dead coast gives to mine eyes a dream
That lingers through the waning of the night ;
It shall not wane though light
Break with the beauty of the earliest beam.



III.—A VISION OF THE NIGHT.

THE lamp of the chamber is waning ;
The light of the hearth flickers red,
With the glow of uncertain glare staining
The whiteness whereon it is shed.
There is silence ; she lieth but breathless,
As a faint, smitten flower in a night,
When the strength of a leaf proveth faithless
To shelter the blossom of light.

She lieth ; a frail, slender blossom,
Girt about with her thin, shattered leaves ;
Her hair scattered over her bosom
With the tremulous heart's moving heaves.
The light falleth nigh like the damp light
That shines in a place of the dead ;
Like a sepulchre's ray is the lamplight
That strangely around her is shed.

A shadowy memory arises,
And beareth that worn spirit forth
Through the night that has flung its disguises
On the desolate shore of the north.
In the grasp of a shadow that sheddeth
Strange light on the damp autumn lands,
She moves by the wet cliff and treadeth
On shores of long water-swept sands.

Far out of the reach of the creeping
White seas, out of washing waves reach
On the long, pathless sands that are sleeping
In the sadness that stays to the beach ;
There are prints of some feet, and the pressure
Of wandering steps that have past
On their way, in a season of pleasure,
On eves by no cloud overcast.

They abide on the beach of that coast-land,
The worn water washes them not ;
They abide on the beach of that ghost-land,
On a shore that no heart has forgot :

In the light of the shadow that guideth,
She perceives the worn prints of dead days ;
Each pressure of foot that abideth
On the comfortless sand of beach-ways.

And the shapes of those days of the distance
Re-arise in the light of a ghost ;
The moments most sweet of existence
Re-appear on the comfortless coast.
They arise, she beholds them before her
Move again o'er each old straying place ;
And the heart that was smitten is sorer,
As those shapes she is pallid of face.

They were sweet, they arose full of beauties,
Those days, and with sweetness of voice ;
The voice of their speaking now mute is ;
They arise, but no soul doth rejoice ;
The love that they brought us is colder
Than these re-arisen and pale,
More bleak than the sounds which infold her
Who stands by a sea low of wail.

The one hope they brought us is perisht,
It fell ere the fall of the leaf ;
In place of the trust closely cherisht,
There lingers about us a grief :
In place of the presence of footsteps
Gone by in the light of the day,
No foot ever comes, but the mute steps
Of wind there delighteth to stray.

The wild-flapping wings of the coast bird
Will wave o'er the prints of those feet ;
And the lingering wings of the ghost bird
Of memory about them will beat.
But the stars of the night will behold them
Through the nights that are lengthened and drear ;
And the moonlight of heaven will infold them,
When nought but cold moonlight comes near.

A voice full of summer was ever
About them, with splendour of song,
But the gladness of sound cometh never
Through the nights of an autumn made long.
The sound of a sea without gladness
Is nigh them when waters are stirr'd ;
The sound of a heart full of sadness
Of memory about them is heard.

The wind of the season come over
The land with a sound full of chill,
The footprints of sand shall discover,
As it wails with long voices and shrill.
They abide though the gladness of straying
Is found not nor known any more ;
They abide out of reach of the playing
Spent ripples that shrink on the shore.

The spray of the wave that is broken,
In midnights of wind will be blown
O'er the prints lying scattered in token
Of one joy the coastway has known ;

A token of joy that remains not,
Of a gladness the dim shore has borne ;
A token of sorrow that wanes not
With waning of seasons outworn.

IV.—A SERENADE.

I.

IF on that shore of sadness
Where thy thoughts stray,
One shape of former gladness
Or dead love stay :
If by those seas that grieve,
And waves that leap,
Thy thoughts one joy perceive :
—Sleep.

2.

If through the mists that hover,
And clouds that cling
On those ways wandered over
In a gone spring :
Thine eyes behold one star
Gleam on the deep ;
—One hope shine from afar :
—Sleep.

3.

The winds about thee drifted
Are sad in song ;
The voice of seas uplifted
To clouds that throng :
If thou canst hush the wail
Of seas that sweep ;
—Of days whose love was frail :
—Sleep.

4.

A shadowy thought arises
On that cold coast,
And through the night's disguises
Comes like a ghost :
When that pale thing has fled
Beyond the steep
Washt cliffs of worn waves shed :
—Sleep.

5.

If morning-tide will banish
Thy one ghost-thought ;
—If memory will vanish
When light is brought ;
If shadowy thoughts take flight
When night's shades creep
From coasts where morn is white :
—Sleep.

6.

If dreams come not with sorrow
Around thy heart,
Sadness that on the morrow
Will not depart :
If thou from troubled dreams
Wake not to weep
Dim tears in bright day beams :
—Sleep.

7.

O frail flower fondly cherisht
In loving days,
Forget the fair things perisht
In autumn's gaze ;
Forget the shaken leaves
Bleak night winds reap ;
And free of care that grieves,
—Sleep.

8.

Forget the hopes departed,
The star-loves set :—
The life of one sad-hearted
Thou mayst forget,
Remembrance of dead hours,
No longer keep,
But with white sister-flowers,
—Sleep.

V.—A DOUBT OF THE NIGHT.

A DOUBT is borne upon me from the night ;
For out into the face of this close dark
That shakes not with the promise of a light,
I look forth, but my sight
Sees but the cloud, and nought of hope can mark.

No comfort. I have thought in time of dreams,
That in this wondrous world of cliff and sea,
And island and snow mountain bathed in beams,
Yea, in all earth it seems
All comfort for a mortal there must be.

A consolation for each grief he knows,
In all that may be looked upon, abides ;
That every night of mourning and tear-woes
Into clear morning grows,
And daytide joyous in the beam that guides.

That his heart's food may evermore be found
In all things living on this world with him,
That all thoughts gathered from the things around,
Within his heart abound
Clear flowers, and no faded leaf or dim.

Oh glorious is this glad warm earth of ours,
With splendour of sea rolling in joy of beams ;
With isle and brilliant lake, and mount that towers,
And with a thousand flowers
Splendid of colour ; are these things but dreams ?

They are but dreams ; for ever we have seen

 The weed has choked the flower, the thorn has sprung

In place of fruit and delicate leaf of green :

And ever there have been

 Tares mingled with true grain in ear yet young.

We gather of the flower, and lo the weed

 Rank in our breast, we pluck the pleasant fruit,

And it is bitter at the core indeed ;

And though we plant good seed,

 We reap the tares, wild both at ear and root.

When have we plucked the truth that comforteth

 From fruitful places on our world's rich soil ?

What clear flower risen from the season's death

Has scattered in its breath

 A fragrance that rewards a year of toil ?

Nay, but we once drew comfort from the thought

 That he who plants a tender seed of flower,

A deed as deathless as the earth has wrought ;

For from the soil is brought

 The bursting blossom of a sunny hour ;

And the flower breaks with joy in light and song,

 In sunbeams and the carol of the bird ;

And tenderly risen winds in loving strong,

Float fragrance-filled along

 The paths of beauty that their air has stirr'd.

The flower is stirred, its life upon the air

 Is borne o'er seas by winds that drop and fail

O'er ocean islands and far coasts and fair ;
And cast in still calm there
The flower becomes a splendour of the vale.

Thus when we saw the planting of this thing
Fills the wide world with fragrance ; when we thought,
Of that frail life borne on and blossoming
Through the deep tropic spring,
A comfort to my dreaming soul was brought.

There flasht upon me visions of the waste
Luxuriance of an isle of tropic seas ;
Shores of large hanging fruit, leaf interlaced
With leaf, where one may taste
Of calmness and no trouble of a breeze.

But in the midst of strong, wild life I found
The tender flower in blossom like a star
Of northern skies seen where strange stars abound ;
And though each plant around
Breathed, yet I knew its fragrance from afar.

This came upon me in my rich sea-dream ;
And then I dreamed this flower the perfect truth :
And out of this came comfort, with a gleam
Of hope ; and by this stream
Of dreams I wandered and my way was smooth.

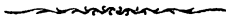
It was a dream : for into this dead night
I look, but all the night beneath mine eyes
Grows denser ; there awakeneth no delight
In answer to my sight,
No comfort, and the shore in shadow lies.

There came a vision of a rest beyond
The shadow of this shore whence we depart ;
A rest of land perfect in sound most fond,
A shore whose sounds respond
In echo to the voices of our heart.

But in this night of shadow and chill calm,
A doubt falls over me, if peace of breast
Abide beneath the waving of the palm ;
If breathing of the balm
Swept sea-ward from fair islands bringeth rest.

The cold doubt cometh, all my heart is cold
In looking for a light ; it knows no more
The trust that shone about it still of old :
It lieth in the fold
Of this worn night and vapours of the shore.

It knows not now the tenderness of days,
The flower of faith whose scent was shaken around ;
It only knows that grief in this night stays ;
And that beyond its gaze
On a far shore the clear truth may be found.



VI.—DAWN.

I.

Is it the light of a star
 Arisen in face of the dawn,
On the brinks of the heaven that is far,
 Whence the dimness of night is withdrawn ?

Is it a moon long waned,
 Breaking forth thus late in the night,
In the sky that so long has remained
 Void of the hope of a light ?

It is late, too late for a star,
 Too late for the beam long delay'd ;
The joy of a moon is afar,
 Yet the darkness beginneth to fade.

Looking forth in face of the dark,
 Looking out in the shadow of night,
The shore full of sadness we mark ;
 But the rim of far waters is white.

2.

It is late for our life, too late,
 To be gladdened by moon or by star ;
The darkness too deep to abate,
 Though sweet rays arise from afar.

Though a star or rich moon should arise,
With a beauty unknown to the heaven,
There lingereth still in its skies
A dead cloud remaining unruven.

O soul, dim soul of the night,
Look forth with the strength of thine eyes,
Is there ought that is joyful of sight,
In earth, or in seas, or in skies?

Look forth, O soul, to the dark,
What comes through the darkness to thee?
Comes there ought that is gladness to mark,
From the coast, from the heaven, from the sea?

3.

I look forth, but the darkness remains
In the face of the night full of fears;
The shore yet wet with the stains
Of mourning and seasons of tears.

The shore that is under mine eyes
Is shadowed with darkness and cold;
I look forth to the brinks of far skies,
And a motion of joy I behold.

The vapours of night are withdrawn,
There appeareth a whiteness of light;
It is dawn, I behold it, the dawn,
A glory, a gladness to sight.

It is grey with promise of morn,
It has wakened the sea from its sleep ;
The trouble of night is outworn,
There is joy on the face of the deep.

4.

It is dawn of a new life to me ;
My life of this land is no more ;
It is dawn of the life of the sea,
That breaks through the life of the shore.

It is twilight that wasteth in night,
To my life of the shore that is bare ;
It is twilight of morn and true light,
To my life of a sea that is fair.

O soul that hast tasted a gleam
Of the pure hope awakened beyond
Those seas, look forth in the beam
First burst from the night and its bond.

Look on with the strength of thine eyes
Over seas into places of dawn ;
What seëst thou now in the skies
Whence the vapour of night is withdrawn ?

5.

I look forth, most joyful of face
Are the waters that cling to the heaven ;
The way of the dawn I can trace
On the deep, and the far sky is riven.

It is but the dawn, and the light
Is yet faint, but mine eyes can behold
A beam through the dawn most bright,
A flash and gleaming of gold.

Is it the gold of the sand
Of an island far out in the dawn ;
The gleam of a rich ocean-land,
From whose border the mist is withdrawn ?

I behold it, the light is increast,
It is fair, lit with earliest beams :
In the true pure light of the East
A rest for a wanderer seems.

6.

I arise, I look forth with my soul ;
I behold change pass o'er all things ;
I look over the waters that roll
In the distance in light that clings.

I behold on the brinks that are riven,
A wonder we knew not before ;
In places of uttermost heaven,
The golden gladness of shore.

Far out in the mystery of sea,
A land of true light I have seen ;
A splendour of life yet to be,
Beyond the joy that has been.

Arise, O glory of morn ;
O glory of life arise ;
More gracious than light that is born
With breaking and passion of skies.

WITH LIFTED SAIL.



I.—A LONGING IN MORN.

DIP in the oars and row us from the land;
Let our face feel the foam cleft by our prow.
Mysterious Pilot take the rudder band,
Steer us away from the deceitful land;
And slacken not most mighty Rower, thou.

Dip in the oars and row us that the hill
Whose shadow o'er our idle sail is cast,
Sink with the sun, let not the sun sink till
The heavenliest peak be only visible
Dim on that line beyond which is the past.

Then lift the sail and bend towards the sea;
The land is false, o'erclouded with deceit;
A mist sleeps o'er it whence no light can flee:
But clear and cloudless is the sea, and we
Believe the odour of its breathing sweet.

The land is man's, the sea is God's : we seek
A truth which perishes in mortal's breath,
And at his following steps becometh bleak,
And withers when his voice is heard to speak :
We flee the land whose only truth is Death.



II.—NO MORE.

BEHIND us are the strong rocks of the shore,
And the brown cliffs with white surge round their base ;
The plunge of waters heard an hour before
The set of day we hear again no more ;
And only the white foam our eyes can trace.

It fades in distance ; night comes over it,
A darkness falls o'er headland and o'er cape ;
The land is but a cloud, a cloud unlit
By any beam of joy ; like birds that flit
From winter's grief and southward voyage shape,

We flee the land ; the land is but a cloud ;
We would behold the silver of the sea,
For we are all aweary of the crowd
Of shadows ; and our hearts have prayed aloud
For something purer than the land we flee.

It sinks and in the sky of darkness dies ;
But round our heart a little cloud has crept
That ever rains a sorrow from our eyes ;
For visions of a vanish'd day arise
With memories which for ever shall be kept.

Glory of sea, all tremulously glad,
Is throbbing round about us ; but our heart
Is thinking of one joy that it has had,
And with the sadness of the night is sad
In care that lingers when the joys depart.



III.—THE LAST LOOK.

FAREWELL : our eyes have seen the sun go down,
And the day gathered to the soundless West ;
The flush of passion from the water's breast
Has waned away and left the cliff-coast brown ;
And dimmed in grey the waters lie at rest.

Farewell : the flush and passion of the eve
Have vanish'd, and the splendour of sweet love
Has fallen to death, the glory that it wove
About our life touches of time unweave ;
A dimness falleth o'er us from above.

Farewell : the darkness cometh from the East,
Where the first gleam at dawn of light arose;
But gracious heaven has spread a grey repose
Along the waste whereon the sun has ceast :
And still the light of heaven the water knows.

Farewell : the silver shadow of the sky
Makes light the world of waters : though the thrill
Of passion and the light that used to fill
Our hearts are gone, there lingers ever nigh
A light ; but ah, a dimness and a chill.

Farewell : the sea may shadow many a star,
And brighter clusters than have ever shone,
But one, the Beauty of the eve is gone :
And thou my love art evermore afar,
And I, my heart is sad and very lone.

IV.—OUT OF SIGHT.

“ It is a noble land, the tide
Flows not upon a nobler shore,”
We say, and gaze across the wide
Distance of swelling seas that hide
The coast our eyes behold no more.

And still we strain and hearts respond
With pride they ne'er before have known,
"How glorious is the land beyond ;
How worthily our souls are fond
Of Her whose glory is our own."

The care that saddened every thought
Is sleeping with the sleeping coast ;
And every sorrow it has wrought
Upon our soul is now as nought
Within that far sea-vision lost.

A land of river and of hill,
Of mountain with the sea in view ;
A land of vale with silver rill ;
A land of quiet lakes and still ;
A land of noble hearts and true.

The woodways of the singing bird
Are there, made beautiful with song ;
The pastures where the silent herd
Wanders ; and round the coast the gird
Of glorious sea and waves that throng.

There war is hated ; peace ador'd
From rich fields mellow in her light ;
But there strong hands but wait the word
To drop the sickle, grasp the sword,
And shed true blood for truth and right.

And we who see her cliffs no more,
Behold the glories of the past ;

Nor cease repeating o'er and o'er,
"A noble land, a noble shore,
For ever may her glory last."

But when we stand alone, we think
In silence of each joyous day
Spent on the land below the brink
Of yon dark line, and sadly sink
In heart, and fall in grief away.

For we have claspt some faithful hands,
And felt the pressure of a friend :
Our souls are held by tender bands,
Which break not, though to farthest lands
Our restless voyage we may wend.

O'er all the breadth of ceaseless seas,
The voices that we love shall come,
And flash along the flying breeze,
Till we inhale the memories
It bears us from the distant Home.

The songs they loved are all endear'd
Unto our souls, that knew their tone :
The verse, whose light to us appear'd
But from their voices, shall be heard
Breathed in the same voice we have known.

And every joyous thing they loved
Shall bring before our eyes the forms
Of those dear ones, the true, the proved,
Whose thoughts shall never be removed
From the quick hearts their presence warms.

Now in the cottage of the vale
The hearth is lit with pleasant light ;
They gather round with song and tale
And laughter, and no voice doth fail
In gladness, and each face is bright.

And we—shall we behold again
The pleasant places of the shore ?
The valley, mountain, or the plain,
The cliff ; or, when long days shall wane,
The gentle faces known before ?

And shall we hold again the hand
Whose truthful pressure we have known
In other days upon the land,
When we together loved to stand
And watch the waters tempest-blown ?

Shall I behold thee, my one Friend
Who lovest all things loved by me ;
Whose warm and faithful grasp did end
My life of land ? O shall we spend
Another hour beside the sea ?

Where we loved straying, to repeat
The wonder of the verse new-born
Each to the other, shall our feet
Wander as they were wont, and meet
The freshness of sea-scented morn ?

I know not ; but I know thee true ;
Amid the faithless, thee unchanged ;

I know, though lands and faces new,
And strangeness of all world I view,
No love from thee shall be estranged.

And now we know that gentle lips
Pray for our voyage unto rest ;
And to the pathway of the ships
Some eyes look forth, as slowly dips
Our vessel vanish'd to the West.

Our topmast now is lost to sight,
They cannot see our snowy sails ;
And they are hidden in the night
That clothes the land at fall of light,
And hangs about the pleasant vales.

We whisper landward through the dark
A blessing and the wanderer's prayer
For land, and those whose forms we mark
No longer from our heaving bark ;
And farewell in the midnight air.



V.—A DREAM OF A LIFE.

I FELL to sleep and softly dreamed
A tenderness of hours no more ;
Again upon the land I seemed,
And straying on a summer shore.

A day came back, but far more rich
Than the past day o'er us had shone :
We wandered through a land in which
No mortal ever seemed alone.

We wandered in a month of bloom,
Beneath the shadow of the leaves,
Whose motion did the air perfume,
With odours of unfaded eves.

No soul could wander there alone,
But ever found a kindred heart
To thrill and throb in unison
With his heart-beats by wondrous art.

The glimpses of the sky scarce seen
Through clasping leaves were darkly blue ;
But o'er us all the world was green,
And glistening with a falling dew.

A wind arose and calmly crept
Among the thrillings of the grove,
So that to us one song was swept,
A single harmony of love.

We felt the melody faint o'er us ;
And perfect echoes from our soul
Fled answering, dreamy, tremulous,
Murmuring afar beyond control.

We kist and claspt while that rich sound
Went onward ; then She seemed to float

On the lost echo, and I drown'd
With my own voice the latest note.

I wept until a moon uprose,
And on the moonlight came a ghost,
Mysterious ; and the earth's repose
Was broken by the cry of "Lost."

The forest moonlight, ghostly blue,
Shivered beneath the passing cry ;
And like a moon-ray from my view,
The pallid being seemed to fly.

But ever through that wilderness
The rustle of a voice I heard ;
And in the distance falling less,
The lone expression of the word.

Until within a slumbrous grove
Of tropic leaves in moonlight drest,
In southern richness thick enwove,
It paused and failed and waned to rest.

And while I sought that distant brake
Of the thick leaves with sweet light glost,
My heart's faint echoes seemed to wake
Unto the dreamy voice of "Lost."

Bewildered by that inward cry,
I strayed into the ghostly light ;
And ever long and mournfully
Wept through the lingering of the night.

VI.—IS IT A DREAM?

Is it an island in a sea of dreams,
That rises in a wanderer's heart,
Making it joyful till the quick dawn-beams
Flash, and the doubts of dream depart?

Is it a vision of a heart-sought shore,
Far off—a wonder of the sea ;
From strife of worlds far off ; where evermore
Shadowy silence seems to be ?

A land of twilight by no touch of sun
Gilded, but slumber over all
Is lingering ever ; slumber that upon
Mountain and silent lake doth fall.

No cloud of dusk floats here, nor passion-tost
Wave breaketh from the low-seen sea,
But every throb heaves over the long coast,
Soundless and slow and dreamily.

And all the land is motionless and faint ;
Slumbrous in doubt of dreams ; more ble t
In breath of purple than the dyes that paint
The even's splendour on the West.

Mysterious twilight clothing endless seas ;
High purple hills beneath whose shade
Long lands repose, with leaves that never breeze
Shakes ; and low tracts of flowering glade.

Hereon abideth for a wanderer rest ;
 No more the labour and the strife ;
No more the mourning of a troubled breast :
 No more the sorrow of a life.

A NEW LIFE.



I.—AT SEA.

A SOLITUDE of swaying seas
 Swells round us, and the hurrying wave
Flaps wildly by our side, then flees
 Afar ; and sobbing waters lave
Our vessel driven in the breeze.

With shriek of wind and water's wail
 Arose upon the sea the morn ;
The wild spray flashes o'er the sail,
 The white crests from the waves are torn,
And blown in fierce strength of the gale.

The sky is hid, the drifting cloud
 Stretches upon its dreary course ;
The sea-birds swoop and shriek aloud
 Their presage ; by the tempest's force
The laden masts are shaken and bowed.

And we are rolled about the sea ;
Through shattering waves we rise and dip ;
We plunge among them mightily,
And feel their force about our ship
Burst, but our thoughts from care are free.

Our hearts rejoice to feel seas break
About us with a crushing sound ;
Our cheek is glad to feel the flake
Of foam flung strongly all around :
And our hearts love the sound waves make.

We know not any thrill of fear ;
The heavy throbbing of the tide
Is a most joyous thing to hear :
A gladness to our souls to ride
O'er billows : and no land is near.



II.—A VOICE FROM THE SHORE.

THROUGH the strength of the storm and the eve,
Over seas moves a voice of the shore ;
Over breadths of bare waters that heave ;
Mixt and mingled with strange winds that grieve
It comes, floating hither and o'er
Souls that see land no more.


From a rock of the uttermost rocks,
Half hid in the hollow of waves,
There floats a sound seaward, and mocks
With its clear tone the water that shocks
On the cliff face, and ceaselessly raves
From the sea-looking caves.

The long sea throbbing heavily sways
Slow with the drift of the tide
The bell of the rock, and there strays
Far out to the wide ocean-ways,
Sound of a strong tone to guide
From the coast the mists hide.

Like the sound of a bell that is swung
By the wind through a storm-laden night,
In a hollow tower rising among
Thick trees, with bare walls overclung
By weeds where wild birds have delight,
When the moonbeam is white.

Into the hollow bell-tower
Cometh the rush of the blast ;
Over the owl's ivy bower
Heaves and sways with its power
The bell, and a broad sound at last
To the thick air is cast.

Wildly the long tone is swayed
On the loose wind and under the rifts,
From whose brink a lost moonbeam has strayed
Strangely, with light long delayed ;



And the wind the worn motion uplifts
To the vapour that drifts.

As the burden of song that is borne
Through a night when a soul seëth nought,
From the hollow lone tower tempest-worn ;
With the sound of the voices that mourn ;
So the swing of the coast-bell has brought
Unto me a worn thought.

Fitfully wavering at times,
And swelling and waning, the sound
Of a thought comes about me from climes
Hid with cloud, and unrunng save with rhymes
Of strange voices which falling around
With bands my heart bound.

With bands strong in their clasp as the bond
That the ring of rhymes evermore weaves
Round a heart full of memories fond,
Which spring into sound and respond
To the voice in an echo that grieves
With the spirit it leaves.

The sound of the thought that is blown
Unto me through the wavering blast,
Has awakened the answering tone
Of an echo that speaketh alone
Of a desolate shore overcast
With clouds of the past.

Ah, bleak is the echo that breaks
Through the wandering mist that still clings

To the long shore the landward wave shakes,
As it falls in the night with foam flakes,
Blown wild, and the grey headland rings
With the moan of dead things.

From the wandering mist comes the shriek
Of the wave birds that shriek evermore ;
And the sound of the coast is all bleak,
And the cold spray is tost on our cheek ;
And bleak is the desolate shore
The mist hangeth o'er.

The sound of that shore in its sleep
Is blown unto me with the long
Heave of the desolate deep ;
The tones of rent waters that sweep
The coast with a wind sad of song,
My heart's chambers throng.

With the motion of waters that fall
On the coast when the even has fled,
With the rhyme of the ghost-birds that call ;
With the breath of low mist over all ;
With the breath and the voice of the dead
My heart is o'erspread.

The mariner feeleth the breath
Of the bell borne where seas and skies fade ;
And he steers from the shadow of death,
From the false coast that sleepeth beneath
The wandering vaporous shade
The dead mist has made.

Arise, O spirit, and steer
In thy might to the breadth of far seas ;
Where the waters whose falling is drear
May fall not in sound on thine ear ;
To the ways whither no sad sound flees,
Nor the breath of land breeze.



III.—DARKER THAN NIGHT.

CLOUDS from the desolate North are about us, and black
as a prison

Under the world never touched by a ray of delight,
Clothe us and clasp us about ; the passion of sea has
arisen,

Rolling around us more broad than the darkness of
night.

Terror of cloud and the horror of midnight in conflict
are raging

Wildly above us ; and we, swaying thick in the shade
Of the fierce grapple and resolute wrestle of war they are
waging,

Wonder, inswathed in the blackness the battle has
made.

Strong in the might of the North, in the memories undying and deathless,
Cometh the wind over tracts of the wildering sea,
Bearing and blowing in wildness the shapes of the faithful and faithless,
Moaning and moving in mockery around as they flee.

Darkness has spread o'er our live hearts a cloud, and our faint souls are covered
With darkness deeper than vapour unlit by a beam ;
Blacker than weariness born of the night is the cloud that has hovered
Over our flight from the land of the shadow and dream.

Horror of night, fairest thou unto death when the morning awaketh ?
Vaporous wind, fairest thou at the lifting of day ?
Sorrow-tost souls, fleeth your desolation when freshened light breaketh
Out of the East with the glory of morning's array ?



IV.—THE STORM.

Out of the cloud falls a sound,
Darkening the darkness of night and making more dread
The horror of air made hollow by wind overhead,
More desolate waters around.

Is it the voice of loud waves
Clashing in wrath and fierce anger on brinks of the
heaven,
This sound that falls over the world and in tempest is
driven
From the mouth of the farthest cloud caves?

Is it the tempest of air
Broken in storm on the face of the haughty cliff-cloud,
Overwhelming with sound the souls that are smitten and
bowed
To the depth of the seas in despair?

Is it the wailing of hearts
Desolate with the departure of things full of love,
That shaketh the night and the vapour that rolleth above,
And stays when the vapour departs?

Is it the cry of a soul
Lost with the love of the season of joy in the North,
That out of the hollow of following clouds cometh forth,
And mingles with tempests that roll?

Stronger in strength of the storm,
Over the sea hangs the sound, through the conflict of night
It falls from the cloud that drifts over stars of fresh light,
And covers the heaven with its form.

Is it the cry of despair
Borne over seas from the mists of the desolate shore,
A wail of the joy that is found not nor known evermore,
The song of a coastland made bare?

Souls that are smitten and tost
Cry in the night, but the darkness returns not the sound
They have cried for ; they grope for a light in the dark-
ness around,
They wander as souls of the lost.

For the sweet light that was known,
For the sweet hand that was felt in the days full of light,
Our voices go forth and mix with the wail of the night,
With the tempest of dolorous tone.

V.—SAILING TOWARDS HOPE.

THE tempest fell away before the dawn,
And all the dolour born of darkness ceast ;
The heavy-folded vapours were withdrawn
From the low sky, and hovered overhead
Broken ; then we beheld a flash of red
Smite the broad water, sprung from the bare East.

Some souls had calmed before the calm of morn :
We watched the sun look wildly as it rose
And o'er the narrow strait of blue was borne,
Which lay between the heavy-clustered cloud
And the strong sea rejoicing now aloud
In freedom from the night of many woes.

A strait of clearest depth sleeping between
Two sister islands of an Eastern sea,
Two tropic islands in a sea of green,
Dark with close-woven glade and tangled brake,
And plants of shadow and the leaves that shake,
Seemed this blue belt of bare heaven unto me.

And the great sun seemed as he rose and crost
The interspace of air, a ruby bird
That slides from sea to thicket and is lost
Within the forest denseness, where rich wings
Glance, but no sound of any bird that sings,
Breaking the slumbrous silence there is heard.

I graspt the helm, with steadfast eyes I steered
Toward the blue belt of heaven that richer grew
And broader, and still clearer as we neared
The bastions of the East, until at noon
We sailed in seas of perfect light, and soon
All heaven around and over us was blue.

We sailed in sunlight till the drooping day
Fell to the water, gilding the bare bars
Of broken cloud that had not past away ;
But from our thought before the eve was dim
Each cloud had floated ; from the water's brim
Unto our hearts arose the enduring stars.



VI.—A CLOUDLESS NIGHT.

NIGHT, and no wind, the calmness is most sweet
In air and on the waters of our feet :

—No voice, no cry awakeneth in the breast,
Nor air of chill, nor whisper of unrest.

Night, and no cloud ; stars girding us most clear
On distant brinks of sky toward which we steer :

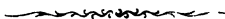
—No cloud of care at heart ; but memories
That glitter with the glittering of the seas.

Night, and the topmast pointing to the far
Blue heaven above moves slow from star to star :

—We follow with our spirits and our eyes
The motion of that finger to the skies.

Night, and the stillness of the Rest is nigh
All things beneath the hanging of the sky :

—And all the gracious stillness of the tides
About the wanderers of the night, abides.



VII.—A GLIMPSE OF LAND.

DAYS of fierce wind with drifting cloud o'erhead

And seas around us swaying ; then this eve
Of calm. A distant glance of sunset red,
Flashing from a long stretch of cloud, has shed
A beauty on the wastes that ever heave.

A flash beneath the cloud, and then a lance
Of gold is flung, and shivers on a cape
Of Eastern land lit only by its glance ;
A coast of rocks ; and as we slow advance
We see the smooth cliffs and their perfect shape.

A barren coast, but, oh, a glorious land
There lies beyond ; a land whose memories
Are bound about our hearts with golden band,
And flash for ever richer now we stand
To watch the rocks where climb the whitened seas.

And as we watch, our spirits float away,
And hover o'er each spot that we have known
For beauty ; and our quickened memories stray
Among the wonders of a fallen day,
When we went wandering where new beauty shone.

The light song-music tinkling merrily
Within the winding of the mountain pass,
Is heard again in memory by me ;
And the sweet wonder comes that came when we
Beheld the river shine beneath like glass.

The vine upon the road-wall clingeth still,
And the large fruit ; the lay of muleteer,
The tinkling of the bell upon the hill,
Are all remembered, and our hearts yet thrill
In gladness of the past again come near.

We float away to that Italian lake
Where, underneath a shore of glistening leaves,
We heard sweet bells upon the waters break
In melody, and beheld the twilight make
The air all glorious with the dyes it weaves.

And then we watched the convent growing dim ;
And then we looked upon the Evening Star ;
And heard the fainting of the chapel hymn
Melt in the purple of the mountain's rim ;
And then a boatman, tinkling a guitar,

Past onward through the twilight, till his lay
Grew tremulous over the blue lake, and soon
Died into the dim distance of his way :
Then o'er the purple of the fallen day
Our eyes beheld the outline of a moon

Shine clear ; a moon of twilight, not of night ;
A silken thread that trembled through the dark
Of vesper skies, it floated o'er the height
Of that fair mount of ridges silver-white,
Till night came down upon our slumbering bark.

Again we stand upon the Alp in morn,
Grey, and the vale below in breezy mist :

Above, a hundred echoes of a horn
Are blown about the crags, and blithely borne
To the farthest ridge by risen morning kist.

Upon the height the listening chamois leaps
About the rocks ; and there the hunter goes
Up from the vale ; and there the torrent sweeps
Upon its course ; and high above us sleeps
The mountain-plain of the unbroken snows.

The days at which our memory looketh back
Are now one hour of pleasure : they are past ;
Our life has beaten out another track,
And we again are wanderers ; but we lack
The hand we claspt when we were wandering last.

I wander, but my feet shall tread alone
The green wood-path, the rugged mountain-way ;
And clambering o'er brown crags with moss o'ergrown,
I shall behold the grey mists rolled and blown
About the entrance of the breaking day.

One shadow on the white mount shall be cast
When day is lifted ; and upon the face
Of the clear lake in evening silence glass'd,
One shadow of the shadows of the past
Shall tremble, lingering till the moon have place.

Fortunate Island of the heaven's blue sea,
O Hesperus, pure Splendour making pure
The souls that gaze from this calm world to thee ;
O Tranquil of the tranquil things that be,
O Glory of the glories that endure ;

IX.—A RAY OF THE PAST.

I WANDER, but there resteth on the land
A glance of light that lit the pathless past
With beauty brighter than a moonbeam cast
Through a clear night, when bound with silver band
The waters of a moving sea are glass'd.

A perfect touch of sunlight swiftly shed
From bluest skies where every sunbeam sings ;
A sunbeam spirit scattering in its wings,
Perfumes of unseen places—lands o'erspread
With brighter dyes than early summer brings.

My life was lit. A little, loosened cloud
Came with a shadow from an isle unknown,
Floating across our fair blue sky, and blown
By a sea wind that blew not ever loud
But ceaseless ; and a chill was in its tone.

It shadowed our sweet earth, and claspt the beam
Of beauty, but the pure strength of that light
Silvered the cloud and spread a fringe of bright
And moving gold round it, and flasht a gleam
On the far sea which lay scarce in our sight.

Its brilliance fell on the uncertain waves
That glittered as the Future's tides appear
To shine unto the eyes of those who hear
No moaning of that ocean as it laves
Strange, untrackt twilight coasts where sounds are drear.

The high cloud gathered strength and that one Love
Was hidden. I am wandering where no star
Shines : and the memories of days vanish'd are
Dark as the thoughts that out of all things move,
One thought—the Love is evermore afar.

The world is wide ; I laid in it my trust ;
That broken, where within this world of wide
Strange places does a perfect truth abide,
Unstained with life of man and human dust,
The Light by which this earth is glorified ?

THE FORTUNATE ISLANDS.



I.—SUNRISE.

A joy of this morn is before us, a gladness to eyes
That have looked through light of long days on the
water and seen
Nought but the sky's own blue, and the glittering green
Of seas joyful in moving between the bound of broad
skies.

We have sailed through days to the south, we have felt
the air
Wax over us warm as we glided ; the vapours that lay
On the far-off coast are unknown to us now, and
the day
Comes unto us with a light that is wondrous and fair.

Green islands in seas that are green lie under the morn
Beautiful unto a wanderer's eyes ; most sweet
In richness of hue ; most gracious for wanderer's feet,
Calm resting places of quiet for souls sea-worn.

There lie the Fortunate Islands ; O sweet to our
sight ;
Tranquil in calm that is not calmness of sleep ;
Quiet in unmoving quietude ; still in deep
Stillness that lingers unbroken by breaking of light.

The glance of the morn is upon them ; we look and
behold
Mysterious places of islands and silvery dim,
Thin glistening peaks in the sunlight, the long
bright rim
Of the hill-slope touched by the day with beauty of
gold.

Tracts by the vine made green ; the long low vale
Hollowed in side of the slope, and glancing in gleam
Of the sun-flash, glittering threads of the silk of a
stream ;
And the curve of golden shore whereon sea-ripples fail.

We behold them, not far off ; we see the wave out-
spent
Slip on the shelve of sand ; we behold the waves
Play around the cliff base ; and rushing with sound
into caves
Hollowed in face of the rock ; and the waters are rent.

It is the swell of an ocean that evermore heaves
On the brink of the sand of the islands, most joyous
in sound :
It is the wave of an ocean that moves around,
And over these coasts a girdle of white foam weaves.

We have come through this ocean with joy at a time,
with tears
Bitter, and labourings long in the deep ; with sighs
Many ; with wrestle of waters, with darkness of skies,
Through tempest of night and times of mourning and
fears.

We have come through the wondrous way of this Ocean
of Life,
Unto the Islands of Calmness, the Place of the Blest ;
Homes of the Happy who linger for ever at rest
On coasts that are quiet, without the world of great
strife.

They too have come hither with toil and days in the
deep,
Bowed and shattered when storm and strong tempest
arose
Mightily ; now there dwelleth for ever repose
About them, and stillness for ever and hovering sleep.

We behold their islands beside us with longing of soul
For perfect rest ; for the rest we have found not
nor known
In wanderings long on the sea, in hearkening the tone
Of its waters smitten by wind and tempests that roll

Here is there rest : the cool sea-opening grot
Is covert on noons hot of sun ; the shadowy vale
Pleasant for weary feet ; all worn winds fail
And wither in valleys of leaves that shake not nor
wave.

The air of the hill breathes marvellous melody, strange
Unto the soul that stands on the brink and tastes
Of its balm, and ever the rich sound hangs over wastes
Purple with fruits unchanged by seasons of change.

Yea, is there rest for the worn soul, is there repose
For the wanderer's feet in the valley of fruit-trees
unthinn'd
By autumns that come to our earth with bleakness
of wind ;
For over the isles no breath that is desolate blows ?



II.—SUNSET.

WHEN the passion and strength of sunset have clung to
the base
Of the far-off heaven overcome with the glory and glow ;
And the western sky and the world of strong deeps
below,
Mingle in might of the sunset in fervent embrace :

When the world and the sky have become in splendour
as one ;
One heaven—one earth, undivided, one earth or one
heaven ;
And the glory of each is the same by hues of the even
Bound in embrace together, and daytide is done :

There lie the Fortunate Islands in midst of fair seas
Silent ; and over them slumbers the sunset cloud
Richly inwoven ; and never wind that is loud
Breaks on the coasts, nor thrill as of dolorous breeze.

They are rich ; the sun falls over them ; lingering dyes
Float ever about them, and ever the long-ridged wave
Falls with hues gathered of seas that lave
Far twilight brinks of remote unsearchable skies.

As the sunset breaks we behold them, still and at rest,
With quiet of isles of a soundless and fathomless sea :
Far off we behold them out in the distance and free
Of cloud save the vapour of light that clings to the
West.

We behold them, looking along with eyes full of love
Out in the face of the twilight, and ever along
The breadth of these seas and out over waters that
throng
Into the western wastes, and the havens above.

We gaze unto them : they are swathed in twilight, the
hill
And long low valley o'er which the even has clung
Red ; and the lands with purple of sunset o'erhung,
Faint as the land of a dream wherein all things are still.

Are they the shores of a dream that far-off we behold
Slumbrous in twilight, washed by waters that fall
Slow without sound of breaking or echo o'er all
The long curved slopes of sand and beaches of gold ?

Is it the land of a dream? We have seen it in
dreams,
We have looked unto it in our dreams, we have gazed
as we gaze
Through this even, and seen its glories, the long valley
ways,
The rugged-ridged mount, the sand and the ripple that
gleams.

Do we see it again in a dream? with the breaking of
light
Will the dream of our eyes break? will the beam from
above
Scatter all things of this dream, and leave but the
love
And the comfort that linger from gazing at lands of the
night?

Is it the sea of a dream that weaves with low waves
That silken foam-thread that wavers and shines on the
brink
Of the isles of our eyes, and shrinks not with waters
that shrink,
And fades not as sunset fades from the land it laves?

Its waters throng on into heaven; the stars arise
From its brink when night cometh on, and the darkness
is still;
In the darkness it knoweth the comfort of stars, and
they thrill
In its depths with songs full of joy till morn filleth the
skies.

Over the Fortunate Islands a star of high heaven
Has appeared ; it breathes o'er the placid places of
rest
A sweeter light than the flush of the golden West
Flasht, when the distance was filled with splendour of
even.

Sweetly this light out of darkness gleams on our heart
That gazes through distance of doubt toward each far
island slope ;
A star enlightening a shadowy time, a hope
Lingering with comfort of love though all loved things
depart.

Night is about us, darkness of night most still
Comes on us and falls over the Islands of Rest
To the long-beloved unclaspt ; and sweet on the breast
Of the shadowing world the starlights shiver and thrill.

Out of the stillness of starlight a joy that is deep
Moves ; the seas of the night are thrilled and made
glad
With a greater gladness than joy of the morning ; the
sad
Rich air trembles, the deeps are shaken from sleep.

With the light of glorified souls, from the islands afar,
From the low dream-islands of distance, from coasts
most fair
And faint and rich in darkness and silence of air,
Ghosts of the lost come with motion and breath of a
star.

They have come from the coasts of their slumber, from
 places they love,
From the Islands of Memory, on through the night
 unto us,
Unto the souls that have seen them ; but O not thus
Pale we beheld them that on through the starlight
 move.

Their faces are pale but fair with the pallor of night
Filled with the mist of a moon that is large ; they
 were lit
With the flush of warm life ; they are sad now of
 visage ; they flit
Breathless before us that breathed and were gracious of
 light.

The Love of the summer which fell at the falling of
 leaves ;
The Splendour of song perisht ; the Life that grew
 cold
In a heart warm with truth ; the joys of an autumn
 with gold
Of broken sunsets, and gladness of withering eves.

We behold them arisen and come from the Fortunate
 Isles ;
From the Fortunate Islands of memory faces we
 know
Look into our faces ; their cheeks are blanch'd, and
 the hue
Of their hands is cold as a coast whereon never sun
 smiles.

We behold them gazing through night and on over seas
Shaken in light as their footsteps fall without sound
On calm ocean-ways, and whither the low waves
abound,
And the ripple awakened flashes and trembles and flees.

The fall of their footsteps for ever was pleasant to know
In days when we longed much to hear them, and hearts
that heard
Beat in delight ; now only the ripple is stirred
As they move, and the starlights glitter and calm waters
glow.

In green straying places of leaves and delicate grass,
Cool in red summer we heard the fall of their feet ;
We heard the sound of their singing, and even was
sweet
With song that would stay though the voices that breathed
it did pass.

By coasts of long lands they came unto us when the dyes
Of sunset were scattered cliff-ward, and broke on the
face
Of rocks, and ever trembled in foam on the base
Of the grey barren rock made red with the glory of skies.

The sound of their singing came unto us and mixt
With the lisp of ripples that slipt and were spent on
the sand ;
And the song of their voice and the sound of the sea
to the land
Floated, and still in the hearts that hearkened were fixt.

Even through this night as they come, through the still-
ness of things,

The song of the coast clings about me, the voice of
dead days

Floats with a breath of the past unto me; on the ways
Wandered over by souls of the blest a memory sings.

Is it the voice of the autumn that singeth the lay
Of the summer, amid the voice that is heard when the
leaves

Are brusht by winds most bleak; with a sound that
grieves,

In the path of yellow branches at falling of day?

Is it the sound of the waves of a coast when a mist
Sleeps over the cliffs; and all we have loved on the
shore

In vapour is hidden, this sound which comes evermore
From the distance unseen by hearts that look backward
and list?

For cold is the shore of the North, and the song that
was glad

On the coast is waned in sorrow; the woodland home
Of the bird of marvellous lay is rent and become
Barren of leaf, and the sound of the branches is sad?

It is the same song heard on the shore of the North;
The same lay heard in the wood when summer was red
With clustering leaves, that we hear round the Isles of
the Dead,

But no comfort out of the sound of the song cometh forth.

The breath of the mist-light of autumn comes nigh in its
breath,
Cold from the long deserted coast ; and the drear
Sound of the brushing of branches and leaves made
sere
By winds that arise when the sun has fallen to death.

It is the song of the days full of faith, but changed
As the days and the faith are changed ; it came full of
hope
Born of warm seasons to us, when dew on the slope
Glistened on violet-beds, and no love was estranged.

It came unto us with the violet-scent, full of dew,
And the odour of half-burst buds ; it hovered in love
About the whispering leaves ; we heard it move
In paths of the flitting swallow through skies that were
blue.

It comes to us now through this night rich in starlight
and still
With calmness of air and unshaken deeps underneath ;
It falleth around and about us, we hear it and breathe
Of its breath that is cold, and our hearts that inhale are
made chill.

Strange as a wind which arises and blows through a
clime
Under a tropical sun, when noontide is mute ;
And with a cool sweet breath where the large mellow
fruit
Hangs heavy, blows, and the forest awakes for a time :

So strange unto us is the sound of the spirits that move
Out from the calmness of Fortunate Isles, and appear
Unto our eyes re-arisen ; sweet and most dear
They arose at the first in seasons of faith and the love.

Beauties of days long forgotten, calm faces, are nigh,
Splendours fleet of existence, sweet joys of an hour
Move ever before us ; and ever above them tower
Stars when night falls, and in day blue glory of sky.

Do we see them in dreams who have risen and come
faint as dreams,
Come unto a soul that has watched from a lofty shore
A red sun sink into ocean, yet looked far o'er
The long sea-ways till wondrous the sunset seems,

As his eyes earnest with tears and longing look on
Into the golden places of sunset, and see,
Is it a glory gone by or the glory to be
When stars arise, and doubt of the even is gone ?

SAILING SOUTHWARD.



I.—LIGHT FROM A CLOUD.

AT dawning of the day my slumber broke :
I stood alone encircled by the morn,
Feeling the fulness of the light new-born.
A ray out of the utter sea awoke,
And streamed till all the greyness was outworn.

It glistened with the light of unrisen sun
Along the sea and waves of silver crest ;
It glanced upon the still heaven from the breast
Of eastern sea ; I watched it light upon
A fluttering cloud that hovered there in rest.

It lightened that frail vapour with a hue
Of sunlight, till before our eyes it seemed
To blossom as a leaf that long has dreamed
In a dead season, on a morn of dew
Breaks into flower when the first ray has beamed.

Red was it as the flusht leaf of a rose,
With tender light of wakened East instilled;
Onward it fluttered until the sky was filled
With brilliance, and the stillness and repose
Of the sea were shaken, and all the air was thrilled.

It vanish'd as the strength of day increast;
But while we mourned the death of this frail thing,
We felt it flutter to our breast, and cling
About our heart tenderly, as the East
Cast forth its fire o'er ways of wandering.

It wrapt my heart in tenderness of light
Gathered from the first beam of morn, and prest
Its fragrance over it until my breast
Was filled with perfumes sweet as those the bright
Rose leaf scatters on noons of summer rest.

Whence came the delicate cloud-leaf to the slope
Of Eastern sky? was it by strange wind torn
From some sky-flower, and hither earthward borne
With strength of light? We know not, but a hope
It brought our souls that waited for the morn.

II.—IN UNKNOWN SEAS.

WE have sailed Southward through these many days ;
And strangeness of all things,
The strong light of each day arising brings
Ever before our gaze.

Mysterious things have come unto our eyes :
The strangeness of warm seas
Is round us, and the unsearched mysteries
Of overhanging skies.

For stars that shone above us faint and white
In lands of falling dew
Have vanish'd, and appear no more in view
Of watchers in the night.

The stars that nestled in our heart are fled ;
Some withered, some are lost
In straying through the heaven their shining glost,
And some are fallen and dead.

The whisper and the motion of faint breath
Which fell along the air,
Through the still Northern night upon the bare
Washt coast with sea beneath,

Come never to these regions ; nor a tone
With murmur of dead days,

Or wail of hours forgotten ever strays
From these that shine unknown.

Night has come over us ; in passion strong
The stars of these warm skies
Burn, throbbing with strange light that fills the eyes,
And thrills the heart in song.

The wonder of this new heaven strong in love
Comes mightily unto us,
With thronging stars whose pulses tremulous
Shake in strength from above.

We know them not, but we behold their might
Thrill the air-heights and shake
The sea-depths, till the waters move and break
Into flame of answering light.

They throb in strength of light that falls in song
About us ; but no rhyme
Rings with the memories of forsaken time,
Of moments perisht long.

The pulses of the songs of light that fall,
Beat quick and wild and strange ;
Their voices are not of the things that change
When change is over all.

We hear no wailing of a sea-washt shore ;
No motion with long breath,
And sound of ceaseless seas here lingereth,
Or cometh evermore.

The air is heavy-laden with great calm ;
The song-light floats from heaven ;
The broad untrodden place of sea is riven
With light and breath of balm.

III.—LOST STARS.

I.

THEY have sunk to the cold and dead places,
On coasts of the desolate North ;
To the long coasts of barren cliff-faces,
By the shores whence no beauty comes forth :
No sound but the seas ever sounding ;
No breath but the cold hanging mist ;
No light but the grey light surrounding
The rocks that full waters have kist.

'They are sunken and fallen to slumber,
In the mist of the days vanish'd long ;
In the hours that our heart can but number
In moments of sorrowful song.
They are buried ; the sky that hath known them,
Now knoweth their presence no more ;
The wind of a night hath o'erthrown them,
Like leaves that an autumn comes o'er.

They have died out and faded and faded,
As the pallid shapes born of the moon
Die away when the low East is braided
With light, and the morn breaketh soon.
As the mist-birds fly sea-ward and vanish
And sink in the uttermost shade,
In a vapour no wind comes to banish,
On an eve when the moon is delayed.

2.

They are buried on lands out of seeing,
On places of shore of the North ;
Where all things of sadness have being,
Whence never a gladness looks forth :
On the brink of the grey wood where moveth
A wind at the falling of eve ;
By the woodland the singing-bird loveth
Ere the moon of the breezes that grieve :

By the woodland and slope-land of beeches,
That move as a motion of seas
Floateth landward with waves washed on reaches
Of sand with the sea-broken breeze :
On the ridge of a hill of brown heather,
And rocks that the moon looketh on,
On rocks smitten long in grey weather
And blanched by the suns that have shone :

On the slope of the low glen that gloweth
In purple, with smouldering hues
Of the sunset o'er each hill that knoweth
The time of the falling of dews :

By the moorland and marsh of sere sedges,
Where standeth the heron alone;
Where the wild-drake flaps over the edges
Of flags, and where wind maketh moan:

By the fen where the reeds rustle shrilly,
And are bent and still quiver and shake
As the breath of the eve blowing chilly,
Cometh over the face of the lake:
Where the voice of the bittern is lonely
By the tower overgrown with dank weeds,
Where the bat and the night-bird come only,
And the sound of the surging of reeds:

On the brink of a far-off and grey sea,
Beheld stretching on to dead sky
By the souls that look forth yet no way see
On its length nor on earth nor on high;
It moveth and dreameth and drifteth,
A wind stirreth over its face,
And cold is the face it uplifteth,
And barren of joy and of grace:

A wind moveth out of the distance,
But cold is its coming and bleak;
Sad things in the wind have existence,
It toucheth with cold touch a cheek:
White ghosts come upon it with motion
Of raiment, and sadness of face;
They are borne by its breath from the ocean,
From a sea where no beauty has place:

The shapes of the beautiful past days
Come thither from seas of the past,
With the beauties they wore on their last days,
With the smile we beheld on them last :
They are sad and a wind is around them
That moaneth of desolate things ;
And the garment of song that enwound them
Is rent in the rhyme the sea sings :

By the cliffs that the waters move under
To wail in the depths of their caves ;
By the cliffs that abide in the thunder
And shock of the land-rolling waves :
By the cliffs and the rocks of the shoreland ;
By the mountain, the valley, the lake ;
By the wastes of the desolate moorland ;
By the sedges that surge and that shake :

By the woodland of close woven places ;
By the sward thick with dead autumn leaves ;
By the sea drifting slow round the bases
Of heaven, with a voice that still grieves :
They are buried, the sweet ones of starland
That perisht and fell from our sight ;
The fair flowers of the heavenly garland,
That breathed on the brows of the night.

They are buried that made the night gracious,
And darkness a beautiful thing ;
They are found not that moved o'er the spacious
Blue paths with no motion of wing.

They are buried, the stars that we cherisht,
The love and the truth and the hope;
They are fallen and utterly perisht,
The glories that shone on life's slope.

We behold them no more ; our soul crieth
To the darkness that hangeth around,
But there falleth no voice that replieth,
And the strange sky is barren of sound.
We listen : the high air is stirred not
With song of the stars we have loved ;
The voice which we wait for is heard not ;
The silence remaineth unmoved.

3.

When twilight had fallen with sadness,
When sorrow of sunset was gone,
Above and about us in gladness,
They clustered and whispered and shone :
On the night when a long autumn lingered
O'er the land with its treasures of gold ;
When no touch of the year was cold-fingered,
And no wind of the season was cold ;

We have stood with the faint starlight girded,
As with a robe wondrously wove ;
As with a song mightily worded,
Encompast around and above :
With a garment of song and fair starlight
Clothed about ; and no memory was sere ;
And the light of love was not a far light,
And the midnights of autumn were clear :

We beheld them and knew all their beauties ;
They whispered in tones that were fond ;
And a voice and a song that now mute is
Awoke in our heart to respond :
To the sound of their voice faintly spoken,
Swift echoes awoke and were shed
To the heaven ; and the still air was broken,
And the earth with sweet sound was o'erspread.

Thus we stood as the sweet moments glistened
About us, each moment a star ;
But we stand now alone, we have listened
For long, but the sound is afar.
They are gone with the songs we had cherisht,
With the footsteps of verse we had loved ;
They are smitten with darkness and perisht ;
O'er their shining a vapour hath moved.

The brakes that were pleasantly woven
Are smitten and rent with a wind ;
The places of pleasure are cloven,
The branches of blossom are thinn'd.
They are fallen, the blossoms of starland,
The love and the dream and the hope ;
They are gone to a dead and a far land,
To a land of an echoless slope.

The way of their feet is forsaken,
And dark and untrodden and long ;
Unlit is the path they have taken,
Untrackt by a wandering song ;

A way that our feet cannot follow,
A path that we cannot pursue ;
Through regions of drear length and hollow,
Under bare heavens and pallid of hue.

4.

Through the air fell long cries and a wailing,
And sounds as of voices that mourn,
As the starlight in daylight was failing,
And the shadow of night was outworn :
Over valley and forest and river
They were shaken, they moaned in the dawn,
They went onward unwaning for ever,
Till the mist of the coast was withdrawn.

The cries of the desolate-hearted
Were heard through the dimness ere day,
Lamenting for beauties departed,
For hopes that were blotted away,
For the truth of the stars that were found not,
For the sound of the song of the night,
For the breath of the loves that abound not,
For the fair things that perisht in light.

The sound of that sorrowful season
Is heard through the dawn by some hearts ;
It arises and evermore flees on
The wings of the mist that departs ;
For at dawn an air cometh and sweepeth
The mist from the heathery slope,
With the cry of a soul that long weepeth
The death of a sweet-cherisht hope.

Over trees in a place of long grasses,
And the last scattered flowers of the year,
At the eve a wind rises and passes,
And the sound of its passing is drear ;
In its motion the branches are shaken
And stript and made barren of leaves,
And the whispers that move and awaken
Are the whispers of something that grieves.

The stream that at noontide is raving,
Mourns at night, and the long valleys moan ;
And the marsh-flags in every breeze waving,
Rustle sere with a dolorous tone :
The thick sedges a wind's breathing brushes,
Shiver, shaken by marsh and by lake ;
And a wail that no calm ever hushes,
Floateth cliffward from far seas that break.

They are mourning the fair things departed,
The stars that to us are no more ;
And the voice of the dolorous-hearted
Floats on from the desolate shore :
It has come to the souls full of mourning,
It has come to the hearts full of tears ;
With the sound of days never returning,
With the grief of the death-stricken years.

5.

In the calm overhanging this ocean,
Through the silence of tropical night ;
Through the stillness that knoweth not motion,
Under stars that are lit with strange light :

Through marvellous windless sea-spaces,
Where a soul seeth nought that is known,
In the air or the heaven or broad places
Of sea, come the voices that moan.

They are heard, but the sound of their moving
Shaketh never the slumber of air ;
They are long, and they mourn for the loving
Lost stars of the days that were fair :
Ghost-voices are they that come hither,
Ghost-echoes of tones waned and fled ;
Unwithered of things that did wither,
Undying of beauties long dead.

They are cold, they are sad, they are breathless,
In the fall of their sound is no love ;
We have cried for a hope that is deathless,
But no hope in their moaning doth move.
In that sadness of sound of the far land,
The lament of the desolate North
For the long cherisht beings of starland
Our souls swift in passage go forth.

They are borne without wind, and they shake not
The air in their wonderful flight ;
The waters they move over break not ;
The foam of their footsteps is light ;
They have fled to a sea of the distance,
To a coast washt by sea and by sound,
Where the days blotted out of existence,
Re-arise and in fulness abound.

The night hangeth over that coastland ;
It is barren, that coast of the past ;
And its sounds are the voices of ghostland ;
And the shore with a mist is o'ercast :
From the cliffs and the sand of the beaches,
From the woodland the lake and the moor,
No sound but of sadness e'er reaches
The soul that abides on the shore.

Through the night to the land the mist hideth
In shadow with voices of dole,
From this ocean that ever abideth
In great calm and silence of soul,
Our spirits have gone, swiftly flying ;
They wander and wait for a voice
That shall sound in the night of long sighing
With the tone of the things that rejoice.

They have perisht, the voices of singing,
And the wonder and strength of their song ;
No echo of beauty is clinging
To the ways that were lit with them long :
They are dead, and their sound breaketh never
The mist clinging close to the hill ;
And our souls wonder much that for ever
The sweet sounds have died out and are still.

They weep ; but their wings are uplifted,
They are borne yet again to this sea,
Over seas smitten strongly and drifted
With the motion of loose winds that flee :

They have come, and they mourn in their moving,
They moan and their faces are white ;
They are perisht, the days long with loving,
They have fallen in uttermost night.

6.

The night of deep calmness surrounds us,
But nothing of love that is known ;
Strange stars in the strange heaven that bounds us,
But to us is their voice strange of tone.
Abides there no star of our bosom,
No star-love undimmed by decay ?
Lingers yet in these star-brakes a blossom
That will burst into flower with the day ?

Lo, what on the brinks of the distance,
Arises with light to our eyes ?
A Joy where no joy had existence ;
An unwasted Truth doth arise :
It arises in love looking hither,
Through the distance of years that are gone ;
A love the chill wind cannot wither,
It arises and glimmereth on.

It moves on the blue heaven-bases,
By no wind, by no touch of breath blown ;
Its breathing comes over our faces
With the perfume of things we have known :
Like a cluster of violets dew-lit,
Sweet shining in grass of a slope,
When the beauties of flower-land are new-lit
With a spring that has risen in hope :

The clustering Pleiads have risen,
 They have risen, their rising is sweet
With the breath of flowers burst from the prison
 Of dead days to shine at our feet :
They have risen ; their breathing is filling
 The air with the violet scent
Of a day whose wide beauty is thrilling
 The world, when the winter is spent.

They have risen, the beauties of star-time,
 They breathe with the breath that we knew ;
Their whispers are echoes of far time,
 And their light falleth sweet with fresh dew.
The winter has changed to the song-time,
 The hope of the year has returned
To the souls that wept on through the long time
 Of days of a season that mourned.

They have risen that sunk and were found not ;
 They have risen, the dream and the star ;
And the voices of mourning abound not,
 They have waned, they have wandered afar :
They have risen ; they shine o'er us clearer
 In light than in skies of the North ;
They are higher in heaven, and yet nearer
 Our hearts all their beauty comes forth.

O Sisters, sweet-born of clear heaven,
 We have sought you as one who perceives
The scent of pale violets, driven
 By an air at the time of spring leaves :

We have sought you through thickets of star-brake
As one seeketh the violet bed
By the grasses and leaves of a far brake,
When he breathes the faint scent it has shed.

We have sought you by ways sere with sorrow
Of dead leaves when twilight was brief ;
You were found not at eve, and the morrow
Arose but we wandered in grief :
By moonlight in long paths forgotten
Of swallow and wandering bird ;
In the ways of the red leaf and rotten
You were found not, unseen and unheard.

Your love we have failed to discover
In the dead leaves of days that have ceast ;
You have risen, you glitter, you hover
Over isles lit with light of the East ;
Over seas of the future, o'er beauties
Of island and shores of great calm ;
Over woods where an odour of fruit is,
And the heavy air droppeth in balm.

In your light we shall fly to the regions
Wandered over by your light alone ;
By your side we shall tread through the legions
Of strange stars, and glories unknown ;
We shall know the fair sound of their voices,
As we know the clear song that is yours ;
The song of a soul that rejoices ;
The voice of a Truth that endures.

FROM AN OCEAN ISLAND.



I.—IN SUNSET.

FROM a rock of a thousand feet,
Alone in the midst of wide sea,
Whose waves tumultuous beat,
With the shout of a soul that is free :

Whose waters wallow in caves
They have hollowed through labouring years,
With wail, and a voice that raves
When only the high heaven hears :

Mine eyes look forth to the waste,
Wide, without limit or bound ;
They look forth, and my soul doth taste
Of its splendour and glory of sound.

Man's land has been beaten and trod ,
Into paths which no foot can forget ;
O sea, O sea of the God,
Have they beaten way o'er thee yet ?

They go down unto thee with a sail,
With labour and voyage of pain ;
They are driven and blown by a gale,
They pass, but no track doth remain.

Yea, but a path there is made
Over thee, that our eyes may behold,
Built straight, and in splendour arrayed,
In the stately splendour of gold:

A broad path paved on thy length,
A wonder, a gladness to see;
When the sun has descended in strength
And the day is gathered to thee:

When the glitter of sunset flows
Over thy large deeps, and on
In the might of thy glory, glows
A path where no mortal has gone.

Yea, this is thy path we have seen,
Yea, this is the way thou hast known ;
The only track that hath been
On thy waste since its earliest tone,

It stretches on into heaven,
Into secret places of sky;
A breath of their secret is driven
Over thee in their wonder of dye.

We would tread on thy path, we would gaze
Over thee at the mystery beyond:

We would flee from the world and its ways
That have held a spirit in bond.


We would look for a place that is strange,
And unknown to the falling of feet ;
For an isle where the love cannot change,
Where no wind bloweth chill of deceit.

Do thy waves that have wandered and found
Strange places, unknown, unbeheld,
An island of pure truth surround,
Whereon sound of the great world is quell'd ?

Are the sunset Islands of Rest,
Far out on the brink of lost waves,
The only Isles of the Blest
That the swell of thy long water laves ?

Yea, there is comfort on earth ;
A land in thy midst that is fair ;
An isle in the bounds of thy girth,
Calm, and above it clear air.

O sea, the trust of our hearts,
We would lay on thy breast, we would cry
For the Truth that never departs,
That dies not with all things that die.



II.—IN EVE.

FROM a rock whose head is uplift
High over the sea full of sound ;
From a rock at whose base worn waves drift,
And the white waters break and abound :

Girded with girdle of foam ;
Mine eyes look out on the might
And breadth of broad waters that roam
About the borders of light.

They are blown and drifted and driven
Into distance with sound of a voice ;
They throng ever on into heaven,
They beat on its brinks and rejoice.

From a rock that is standing alone,
In the midst of this ocean I look ;
The wonder of sunset is gone,
At whose touch the sea trembled and shook :

It is still now, nor shaken at all
By wind, or the shedding of gold ;
No light from the heaven doth fall
On the breadth of the waste we behold.

To our eyes the heaven and the world
Are divided this moment by nought ;
On the waters borne onward and hurl'd,
Vainly a brink have we sought.

Which is the world, which the heaven,
We know not ; they mingle, they roll
Into one, one spirit unriven ;
Undivided, one glory in soul.

They are claspt, they are mighty in love,
In the might of their love they are one ;
The ocean of strong waves above,
And beneath, the heaven rich of tone.

They are claspt, and the sound of a voice
Is felt, a mystery of song ;
The shout of freed souls that rejoice ;
The gladness of waters that throng.

One voice, the voice of the sea,
One voice, the same, of the heaven ;
One song of a world that is free,
From the song of the heaven unriven.

Their voice, their song is but one,
We cannot divide it in sound ;
Unseparate still it goes on
To the souls lost in listening around.



III.—IN STARLIGHT.

FROM a rock in midst of wide sea,
Clad with sound and the mystery of song,
I look out, and a gladness to me
Comes from the deeps that are strong.

All around me they wander and move,
They have broken in foam at my feet ;
My soul is filled with their love,
And a lingering gladness and sweet.

A darkness falls over wide earth,
A dread of thick darkness and night ;
I stand alone in the girth
Of seas, but my soul has delight :

I behold with a lightening of eyes,
From the uttermost distance, a love ;
The stars, full of sweetness, arise
From its bosom to heaven above :

To the height of the desolate heaven,
From the circled sea-brinks afar,
The comfort of starlight is given,
The love which breathes from the star :

To a heart looking on to the slope
Of the low sky a gladness has come ;
To a heart full of doubting, a hope,
And a joy where no comfort had home.

The stars risen fair and all clear
On the heaven have come to my heart,
They shadow themselves, they are near,
With a beauty that will not depart.

In its depths they glitter and shine
With the light of a hope that is true,
With the comfort, O Sea, that is thine,
And the breath of a song that is new.



IV.—IN MIDNIGHT.

FROM a rock with clear starlight around
I look through this night unto thee ;
Girt with singing of stars and thy sound,
I look forth o'er thy wonder, O Sea.

No voices that perish are nigh,
No feet that wax feeble are near,
I look forth ; there is nought but large sky,
And thy deeps, and the stars warm and clear.

Thou hast given to mine eyes to behold
Of thy glory ; and unto my soul,
To taste of thy breath ; in the fold
Of thy waters to lie as they roll.

What am I that a ripple of song
Should break from my lips unto thee,
To mix with thy waves and the strong
Voice of thy waters, O Sea?

The tribute of all lands is given
Unto thee, mountain streams and the long
Rivers, and waters of heaven ;
What am I that would give to thee song?

Thou that hearest the thunder of God
Break, when none other is near,
From the place where His footsteps have trod,
What are my songs to thine ear?

The singing of stars that rejoice
By night, through the calm thou hast heard :
What to thee is the sound of my voice,
To starbeams of song that are stirr'd?

Thou hearest the stars that sing,
Thou art shaken in sound and in love :
No sound of the song I would bring,
The heart of thy hearkening will move.

Thou givest me all of my songs ;
What am I that would give song to thee ?
The glory of singing belongs
Alone to thy giving, O Sea.

To thee for all splendour and light
Of song I would look with my heart :

Give me a song of thy might,
A star-song that will not depart.

I look unto thee, and I sing
With the breath of thy sound in my soul ;
I behold but the stars that ring,
And thy wonder of waters that roll :

I sing, but my singing will wane,
And faint and fail and decrease ;
Thy glory of voice will remain,
Thy splendour of song will not cease.

IN THE CALM.



I.—A WAITING WORLD.

A HEAVY-HANGING heaven without a blot
Of floating cloud, leans over us,
More darkly than a cloud ;
The air of slumbrous sunlight shaketh not
By any wind, or tremulous
Song-voice that breathes aloud.

There seemeth to be nothing ever nigh
This thick air filled with heavy light,
These seas and this dark heaven,
But depth of calm that clingeth to the sky,
More still than stillness of a night
By no wind's moving riven.

The silence that on sky and water stays
Is wondrous, for the very sound
Of our own speech doth fall
Strange on our own ears, and each voice that strays
Into still air from those around
Hangs strangely over all.

It seemeth unto us a wondrous thing,
To feel the fulness of this air ;
And marvellous to behold
This dark blue sea around us float, and cling
About the low hot heavens that wear
A robe of ruddy gold.

And we are silent and become a part
Of the warm calm that stayeth here
Upon the air and seas :
We breathe of wondrous silence and our heart
Is filled with smouldering sunlight near,
Untroubled by a breeze.

The living sea that never slumbereth,
Though all things of the world have sleep,
Lying in listening seems,
Beneath the heavy silence of sun-breath
That clingeth ever to the deep
With strength of flaming beams.

The whole wide world of calm in listening lies
Beneath the broad still heaven, for some
Rich tone to flash and fall
Upon the waters out of highest skies ;
For some strong voice of sound to come
And shake the calm of all.

This ocean silent as an inland mere,
Is listening for a voice to fill
Its farthest depth with sound ;
This heavy air is waiting for a clear

And rich tone of the heaven to thrill
The calmness it has found.

A voice to thrill through silence and to break
Its high still waves in melody
Of winds that rise and blow
Over the far-off island groves, and shake
Their odours over distant sea,
And the wide deeps that glow.

We listen for a sound whose wind shall sweep
The fragrance of an unknown isle,
That sleepeth in the blue
Seas of unsundered heaven, o'er souls that sleep,
Where these long driftless waters smile,
Brighter than heaven in hue.

We wait in silence of this sea which clings
About the borders of the heaven ;
We listen in this air
That hangeth heavy over us and brings
No voice, nor any odour driven
From isle brakes woven fair.

II.—FROM SEA TO SEA.

AT fall of twilight on the Northern coast,
 Weak stars in Eastern skies
 Glisten, and then on broken brinks doth rise
 The joy of human eyes,
The sweet moon moveth upward as a ghost.

Faint as a ghost come nigh with moveless wings,
 It riseth and is cold ;
 It changeth, moving upward to fine gold,
 And its white wings infold
Cliff-capes and coasts wet in wave wanderings.

Most fair in glittering move the living waves,
 Beneath the far heaven's face
 That looketh down upon the wandering place
 Of seas that the bare base
Of rocks inwrap and wallow in hollow caves.

The bare cliff-face is wet with moonlight tides ;
 And tides of fair seas meet
 And clasp low cliffs and lie about their feet,
 And waves of fleece-foam beat
About the rock that in mid-water hides.

The moonlight falleth on the long flat beach
 Washt in the waves that creep
 Landward with impulse of the outer deep ;
 It shines on sands that sleep
In light of gold beyond the water's reach.

It is a joy to linger in the light,
And look out from the shore
Unto the sea-ways the moon moveth o'er,
And coasts that are no more
Hid in the shadow of the fallen night.

But when the red sun of these tropic seas
Drops, dyes of passion inwreath
His fiery footprints to the sea beneath ;
And the warm breath they breathe
Fill the great calm unshaken by a breeze.

The twilight spreadeth over like the shade
Of a broad tropic leaf
Which leaneth in a land of twilights brief ;
No shadow and no grief
Of doubt are nigh as eve begins to fade.

The stars are lit, and with a wondrous light
Flashes the sheet of sea
In greater joy of golden brilliancy,
Than when a sunset free
Of cloud sheds glory and its gold is bright.

Warm from far waters clustering round close skies,
Through brakes no foot hath trod,
With silence of an angel silver-shod,
With glory of the God,
The lifted moon smites on the wondering eyes.

The seas are smitten as it moveth on ;
The heavy-hanging air

Is filled with moonlight, and a soul knows there
Shapes of the things most fair,
Fair faces on whose white the moon hath shone.

They move athwart the flowing of the beams,
Clothed on with moonlight bands ;
They touch us, leaning on our brow cool hands ;
The fair ones of far lands,
Angels of islands in a sea of dreams.

There is a comfort in their touch, and sweet
The motion of their wings
Is to the souls outworn in wanderings ;
And evermore there clings
Clear light about the pathway of their feet.

Our souls go forth and clasp these souls in love ;
We wander on afar
Into the places of the Eastern star,
Where rich-clad islands are,
And places where no sounds of mortals move.

We see their splendour which no eye but ours
Beholds for evermore ;
And through the moonlight on a wondrous shore
We stray, and linger o'er
Paths of ripe clustered fruit and glades of flowers ;

Our souls are strengthened straying through the wastes
Wherein no foot hath been ;
Through island brakes, and groves no eye hath seen,
By vales of richer green
Than spring-lands whose dew breath of gladness tastes.

This cometh of the moonlight wonder nigh
These soundless Southern Seas ;
With gold on waters o'er whose face a breeze
Never with dolour flees,
Nor any breath beneath the kindled sky.

III.—A LONGING OF THE PAST.

A WONDER our awakened eyes
Have felt in looking over sea,
Unto the meeting-place of skies
And shaken waters, whence arise
The first rays of a day to be.

The light is scattered from the place
Of rising on the isles unseen,
And falls and flashes in the face
Of the white dawn, and through the space
Of heaven whereon no wind hath been.

It rises, but there comes no sound
To move the stillness of this deep ;
No song of regions that have found
The light ; but seas and skies around,
The silence of dead slumber keep.

The whole wide world with light is thrilled ;
And hearts that linger in the morn
Have felt its wonder, and are filled
With might of sun-dawn, deep instilled
With fresh strength of the beams new-born.

But through my heart strange fancies throng ;
A passionate thought takes hold on me ;
With all a lover's strength I long
To hear a lark burst into song
And shake this changeless tropic sea.



IV.—A WRECK.

PRELUDE.

THERE drifteth with us on this tropic sea,
With warm noon calmness overspread,
A wreck : upon it light of many days
Has risen and fallen silently ;
The stars have looked upon it and the red
Sunsets of fiery gaze.

A wreck ; and over it the washing waves
Have played, and now the ripple breaks
About it, making motion and the sound
As of a crag a long sea laves ;
But to the sound no answering echo wakes
In sky or seas around ;

Save in the hearts that watch it drifting slow
As it for days has wandered on,
Whither the driving tides of ocean bear :
Some hearts behold it in the glow
That through this long noon over seas has shone,
Filling the silent air.

ON SEA.

IN a fair ship a gallant company,
With joy of song and glitter of sail,
And bend and sway in motion of wind went forth.
It was a sight of joy to see
Her flags unroll well shaken to the gale
That bore her from the North.

It was a glory to behold the spray,
Broken and cleft by her strong prow,
Flash ever over her, quivering through many a spar ;
Marvellous to watch her cleave a way,
Through foam and flapping wings of waves and brow
Of billows from afar.

She sailed South till the wind fell ; every sail
Shook loosely ; the close air was warm :
A tropic calm lay over the broad deep,
And Northern stars began to fail :
There the white ship lay motionless, a form
Of sleep where all things sleep.

The sun in wealth of broken sky arose,
And over high heaven slowly crept ;

But through the thick calm went the joyous song
And pleasant voice and words of those
Who slumbered not though all the region slept,
And heavy noon was long.

They sung sweet songs of home, such songs as cling
For ever round a wanderer's heart,
And clasp it with the dear clasp of the friend
Far off, whose voice loved much to sing
Their melody, till distance doth depart
In memories without end.

They sung : and all the joy of moments past
In singing places of the Home,
Arose again unto those wandered ones :
Sweet voices as they heard them last,
Came from the distance as clear echoes come
From a land of many tones.

They sung till wane of day, and when the brief
Blue tropic twilight clothed the ways
Of sea, they whispered of the distant land ;
And thence came comfort and relief
To the worn souls ; and some of coming days
Spoke, and a foreign strand.

When the new stars broke forth in the new heaven
They lingered looking toward the North
For those they knew, the sweet stars they had loved :
And when the farthest brinks were riven
With light, they joyed much, for the moon came forth
And through the long night moved.

The calm broke and a strange strong tempest came
Upon them ; they beheld its might
Burst round them ; the great seas' fury awoke
In storm, the heavens were filled with flame,
Wondrous, that fell to ocean, making night
Terrible, and thunder broke.

And the ship shuddered in the seas that crasht
Over her ; the masts shattered, were torn
Away with the fierce force of grappling waves ;
The ship broke ; but the tempest lasht
Still and the terror of thunder was borne
With voice of storm that raves.

Through the great horror of things wild human cries
Went forth and with the maddened storm
Mingled, cries of woman, of the strong, the brave,
Into the night ; and when the skies
Opened, did heaven behold each stricken form
Cling, and the struggling wave ?

They clung, but the sea clambered to their place
And dragged them to its gulfs and mockt
Their cries ; then over all the deep were tost
Fragments of wreck, on each a face
Ghastly in terror, and hands wildly lockt,
And bodies of the lost.

Sudden the tempest ceast to roar, the sea
Broke less loud under it, the heaven
Less frequent blazed, the thunder died away ;
And on the water suddenly

The wild dawn from the breaking cloud was driven
With light of coming day.

Glory along the great wave's summits streamed ;
And bright across the desolate deep
Looked the large sun after the night of woe.
All desolate the ocean seemed
With fragments of the wreck tost on the steep
Seas lit with morning's glow.

But where a hundred clung a single form
Clinging in agony of despair,
Day looking over the night's spoil beheld :
But one whose strength outlived the storm
Clung to the drifting, driven wreck that there
Tost when the storm was quelled.

In agony he clutched the wet bare spar
Until the cloud burst and the sea
Went down, and over him the sun arose
Burning ; the storm had fled afar ;
No breeze was nigh, no cool air that might be
A comfort in great woes.

O the dead loneliness of barren sea ;
He was alone upon the deep ;
No voice of anything of life, no sound
But the sea sounding joylessly.
Great loneliness about him, with the sweep
Of waters all around.

Anguish of thirst came as the calm returned ;
But the pure placid heaven was blue,

With no sweet cloud to grant a gracious shade,
Until the mighty sunset burned
Out in the West with crimson and the hue
Of sunset rich arrayed.

Above him in the air an albatross
Sailed ; so his eyes had seen a cloud
Float over Eastern seas upon a morn
Of boyhood, looking on across
The green seas unto which the blue heaven bowed ;
Seas whither his heart was borne.

Worn years had past upon him, and that day
He had forgotten with lost days,
But clearly now it came back to his thought
As he beheld that cloud-bird stray
Athwart the sunset ; and before his gaze
That early morn was brought.

How through the night his youthful heart had dreamed
Of sailing on the wondrous sea,
Until, awakened ere the day, he went
Down to the sand ; then the sea seemed
Most wondrous in the grey cold dawn to be,
For night was scarce outspent.

How he had watched and wondered till the sun
Rose and shone clear across the deep,
Most joyful to his eyes : O how he longed
To sail for ever, ever on
That shining path until his soul should creep
Whither the white waves thronged.

These recollections came about him now :
Then he remembered how a light
Fleece-cloud had come across the flowing beams,
How he had watched it from the brow
Of the coast cliff till it had broken the bright
Path of his golden dreams.

He knew not what it meant on that fresh morn ;
But now he looked, and in his view
The same cloud floated on above the wave,
The cloud-bird over him was borne ;
Slowly it hovered onward, and he knew
That it was floating o'er his grave.

He gazed across the water ; then he felt
No more the burning and the thirst
Within him, for upon that haggard face
God's golden splendour seemed to melt ;
He watched the sunset's glory break and burst
From the far heaven's base.

A golden path to rich and quiet lands
The floating sunset toward him streamed ;
A golden pathway to the opened sky.
Out of the sunset tender hands
Stretched unto him, and evermore there seemed
The sound of great joy nigh.

Twilight came on ; he thought him of his home
So quiet on the peaceful shore,
Far, O so very far away from him ;
He knew his feet should never come

Nigh that dear land again for evermore :
And eve fell on him dim.

Out in the distance he beheld again
The tender faces that he knew,
Gazing upon him sweetly as of old,
The sweet white face that oft had lain
Upon his heart, the gentle face, the true,
He so loved to behold :

He saw it through the distance ; O so sweet
It seemed to him who ne'er could feel
Its tenderness again upon his cheek :
He felt no more the cold sea beat
About him, nor the waves, nor the mast reel,
Nor his strength waning weak :

He only felt the sweetness of that face
Look unto him ; and then he thought
Of the dim day when he had felt it last
Touch his cheek flusht with the close embrace,
The last : and then unto that soul was brought
A vision of the past.

She stood upon the hill as he went on
Down to the boat ; the lingering breeze
Tost her fair hair about her face and breast ;
The clear ray of the morning shone
About her, as he watched her from far seas
Stand, by the wind carest.

He nevermore shall see her : then the night
Fell over him with the light of star

From all the heaven glittering through still rich air.
The sky seemed drawing nigh in light,
Closing about him, its splendour seemed not far
But gracious and most fair.

He prayed beneath the stars for those away
Upon the dear shores of the Home ;
And thence came comfort to that desolate one,
Comfort of dreams, for many a day
Out of the past he felt in vision come
Round him with joys long gone.

The strange stars whispered through the night to him,
He heard their voices faint and fall
Over the waste that wakened and was stirr'd ;
Voices that soothed ; but through their dim
Whisperings, a low voice sweeter over all
Came, and that worn heart heard.

Over the ever-waking wastes of sea
The light went ; the clear flash of morn
Went on across the barren seas ; a bare
Wreck floating, drifting silently,
Washt by the echoless deeps the light new-born
Showed ; and the morn was fair.

ON LAND.

SHE looketh ever out upon the wide
And barren waste of grey worn waves,
Far out unto the grey cold heaven's brink ;
She sees the changing of the tide,

She hears its plunge among the great sea-caves
And the crushed ripple shrink.

Broad is it to her eyes, grey, deathly grey,
No motion of joy, no life, no light :
It falleth on the sand about her feet ;
It stretches from her, far away,
She knows not whither, if the land be bright
Or rich or fair or sweet.

Alone beside it on the desolate sand
She standeth, and her eyes look on
Into its distance, when the joyless morn
Has risen upon the autumn land.
She waiteth for the sail which long since shone
Upon its farthest bourn.

She waiteth for the sail that sank beneath
The grey brink of those seas that grieve ;
The distance gives her many a risen sail,
Fair glittering, as morn's beauties breathe
About the ships and on the course they cleave
Driven leaning to the gale.

They glitter past her with white uplift wings ;
And eve makes dim the world ; her eyes
Are dim with watching from the high cliff-head ;
But still a hope about her clings,
For she beholds the tremulous stars arise
When light of day is dead.

He cometh not ; the desolate wind is bleak ;
The coastway of the shore is cold :

Is there a comfort in the hueless heaven ?
Abides the gladness she would seek
Beyond those echoless brinks, within the fold
Of dimness yet unruven ?

CONCLUSION.

SOME have gone down into the deep alone,
Far from the shores and land they love,
And some upon the shores they love are lost ;
On coasts whither the earliest tone
Of strong sea came to them, when waters strove
With wind and surges tost.

Some hearts are wreckt and drift about lone seas,
Unmeeting any coast of love,
Or any place of comfort through wide world,
No gladness lies in memories,
No joy of hope within the seas that move
Strong, round rich islands curled.

When this close calm shall burst and winds arise,
This drifting remnant will be borne
By waves and wind upon an unknown strand,
And lie beneath clear tropic skies,
The only desolate thing the light of morn
Shines on upon that land.

THE BREAKING OF LIGHT.



I.—A DREAM OF DAWN.

IN falling on of sleep I seemed to stand
At greyest dawn upon a lofty land,
 A barren mount of many peaks uplift
Above white slopes ; far off on a flat sand
 We saw a sea move slow and dream and drift.

It curled about the borders of a sky
No mortal sight could pierce, so wondrously
 In threads of hueless grey it was inwove,
Nor darkened into blue, nor altered nigh
 The thin, cold peaks around us and above.

It seemed new dawn, but not a sun arose
To break the East, and shake the wan repose
 Of ocean, and the watching of the world ;
To flash about the cloud that held us close,
 Or shiver through the mists around me curl'd.

I stood ; and ever soundless seemed the air ;
Yet as we listened strangely, I was ware
 Of the uncertain motion of a sound,
Blown by a wind and borne on from the bare
 Wastes of that far sea which no joy had found.

But once the wind gathered its strength and crept
Among the lesser slopes, and rose and swept
 The clear sound round our faces, then it fled
Along the ridges, and the thin peaks kept
 Not silence, but awakening, swiftly shed

Echoes clear-toned flashing in the air, until
The whole wide world appeared to shiver and thrill
 In hearing of the answer that the heights
Made ; and we heard amid each far-off hill
 Sounds break beneath the wondrous echo-flights.

The echoes wandered, but the sound was driven
From slope to slope, and fled about the heaven ;
 Then earth was still in listening for a voice
Of answer ; and we listened, but unriven
 With any motion to make the air rejoice,

The calm cold heaven above the hill remained ;
The grey chill earth was still as the unstained
 White changeless dawn, and that sea-wind that seemed
The murmur of a world's unrest, dim waned
 Back to that ocean which in distance dreamed.

And yet we lingered waiting for the day
To flash the clinging mists of dawn away ;

And long we lingered watching in the dawn ;
But mount and sea in doubtful dimness lay,
And from the sky the veil was not withdrawn.

Then lifting voice in strength I cried aloud
Out of the folds of the close-woven cloud :

“ Hearest thou not, O Heaven, the world’s one cry,
Gathered from places clothed as with a shroud
In mist, unbreaking though the day seem nigh ?

“ Knowest thou not the cry for day and light,
Shaking the sleep of mountain and the white
Slumber of hill ; cries shivering round the peaks
That are not kist by any beam of bright
Day-flash, the glory that the whole world seeks ?

“ The mount awakened, saying to the sea,
‘ It is but dawn, the light is not with me,’
But the sea’s gathered voice had wing and went
On through the close cloud-wall that veileth thee
Echoless Heaven, but it remained unrent.

“ The sea’s strong voice, and passion of the hills
Have now become one sound, a voice which thrills
This mystery of white dawn about us spread ;
A voice of earth that rises up and fills
The high air spaces speechless overhead.

“ A long voice sounding at the break of day,
A cry for truth that knoweth not decay ;
For love that changes not though autumn’s grief
Fall with the year and her touch sweep away,
The love of summer and the reddened leaf.

“ For Love that lingers longer than the leaves
Of branches shaken by wind of cool eves ;
For Love to glorify the world ; for Hope
To strengthen every heart of earth that grieves ;
For Truth to grasp and guide the hands that grope ?

“ Thou hast given us one truth which lingereth,
A single, changeless, mighty truth, even Death ;
Give us the truth of Life that we may know
It is not all in vain to breathe the breath
Of this our life upon this world below.

“ Give us a voice in answer to our cry ;
Give us the Light that seemeth to be nigh ;
Break the grey doubt o’erhanging in this air
Of calm unshaken underneath cold sky ;
Let the morn dawn and let the day be fair.”

Methought this was my cry on that white morn ;
And then came silence ; out unto the bourn
Of that grey sea I looked, and lo, amid
The shadowy veil that the sky long had worn,
Light flasht, although the shedding sun was hid.

A light gleamed in the East, and with a song,
Larkwise I rose and fled swift-winged along
The barren ridges of the silvery slope,
Unto the sea, mighty in sound and throng
Of waves, and onward toward that ray of Hope.

I fled on marvellous pinions all unfurl’d,
On toward the breaking light, across the world

Of sea that shook in joy of dawn ; and on
I winged wild dream-flight whither light waves curl'd
About the brinks that white in morning shone.

II.—BRIGHTER THAN IN DREAM.

WAKENED I stand and look out o'er the deep :
Thereon the greyness I beheld in sleep,
Is spread with all the mystery of a dream ;
Their hueless calm the heavens above us keep,
Unriven by the breaking of a beam.

It is the dawn, and as we gaze away
Out to the entering places of the day,
Our dreams with sunlight from the brink are filled,
Although upon the slumbrous waters, grey
Yet lingers, by no dream of morning thrilled.

But our eyes look along the weary sea
Until the barren sky has ceast to be
The girdle of our thought ; in calm we stand
Motionless on the waste ; but hither flee
Out of the distance visions of the land.

There is a land beyond yon silken fine
Horizon-thread, our silver girding line ;

Where the grey heaven stoops to the wave of green
A land reposes ; and above it shine
Stars, over which no cloud hath ever been.

And fainter as the East is shaken in light,
The girding line becometh to our sight,
Till heaven and earth are mingled in the dawn ;
And from far places winged and glistening white
Fair'sunbeam spirits nigh to us have drawn.

From isles of dawn when this sea-world is still
They float ; the seas beneath their footsteps thrill
With gladness, and the motion of their wing
Sheds perfumes that fall over us and fill
Our heart with yearning for a richer thing.

And the day breaks about them ; morn has lit
Our souls with light, no light of dreams that flit,
But with the perfect beam of the fresh day :
Day rises, with the glow of day is knit
The longing for a land whereon to stray.

O Morn that makest this sea tremulous,
Thou quenchest dreams of night, but givest us
Visions of Hope whereon our soul may lean ;
Thou sheddest light on things to come as thus
Thy beauty falls along this sea of green.

There is a land beyond ; we know no more :
But in the dawn there cometh from the shore
Of the unknown places, fragrance of the light
Abiding there, and odours floating o'er
A rich sea broken by the Morning's might.

III.—AMID THE SPIRITS OF THE DAWN.

OUR eyes have seen the gracious dawn arise
Over green seas with gladness of the morn ;
But ere the light broke forth from bordering skies,
A whisper over the flat sea was borne
From strange and voiceless places that had worn
Through night the garments of a night's disguise.

Strange voices fell about us, sweet of tone ;
And spirits of light shaking from glittering wing
Odours and perfumes of a coast unknown
Unto the souls of farthest wandering,
Came in the sound ; their coming seemed to bring
Hope to some hearts, a ray of Hope alone.

We listened, and the warm sound on our face
Fell, and we felt the fragrance of a light
Drop in the breath that bore it from a place
Far off ; it claspt our spirits as a bright
Cloud clasps a cliff o'er which it weaves a white
Air-surf, white as the wave-surf at its base.

The fresh dawn fell about our hearts, but while
We listened in the dimness wondering much,
And breathing odours of an unseen isle,
Sudden there flasht from over seas a touch
Of perfect light, and waked the seas in such
Red brilliance all the ocean seemed to smile.

The spirits whose wings brought fragrance that inwove
Our hearts in wonder, swift arose and fled
Over lit seas ; far off we heard them move,
Shaking white wings in light that garmented
The waters of their feet ; and as they sped
Onward, fresh day thrilled o'er them from above.

Out of the distance came a sound which seemed
A tone of the high voice our spirits seek ;
Sound of the Love of which our heart had dreamed
Before the dawn, when my soul seemed to speak
Unto the still heaven echoless o'er the peak
Of the dim mount whereon no glory beamed.

A far-off sound and faint ; but the broad sky
Grew broader round the world and still more clear
In light, for all the grey uncertainty
Spread by the dawn-light seemed to disappear
Before that true light ; perfect day was near,
And evermore the dimness seemed to die.



IV.—LONGING FOR THE VOICE.

THERE is that heaven about whose long brink burns
Glory that unto other worlds is borne ;
And all around us wonder of the morn,
Our eyes behold them ; but our spirit yearns
For beauty that the morning has not worn.

Our hearts are filled with hope, by morning given,
From the stars shaken, whispered by the sea,
That the new wonder we would seek must be
Upon our world, beneath the clasping heaven,
The truth that fleeth not when all things flee. *

Our souls yearn for the voice which comforteth
The souls that listen and have need of nought
Save of the comfort ; we have risen and sought
Comfort in fleeing from a season's death,
When desolate days and eves to us were brought :

We have felt comfort, even hope that came
From tasting of the sea's strength when the face
Of God looked mightily upon the place
Of waters and the sea was filled with flame,
Broken and burst forth from the great heaven's base.

Yea, comfort came in hope of isles beyond
The brink of smitten waters, as we felt
Dawn-odours driven from distance round us melt,
And heard a sound from the great calm's close bond
Break unto souls that long in calm have dwelt.

A comfort fills us that the Rest is nigh ;
Rest on isles of the distance, and the sweet
Repose for wanderers, and the weary feet ;
No echoless land beneath a soundless sky
Sleeps where the blue heaven and blue waters meet.

We think this ocean's islands are not bare
Of echoes of the voice we seek ; a breath

Of that clear voice we think yet lingereth
About a coast lying in distance fair ;
—A truth—a voice that waneth not to death.

A voice on which our spirits can lay hold,
And ever find in listening unto it
The fulness of the God come nigh and knit
Close to our souls ; a voice which shall infold
Life in the glory by which all worlds are lit.

A sound to clasp this life until the voice
Of hearkening hearts flash back unto the heaven
Clear echoes : as the sound of seas is driven
In wind upon a mount whose crags rejoice
Smitten by loud sound, until the sky is riven

With echo, even while the icy peaks
Shiver ; so that voice wondrous and large and strong
Shaken about our hearts would wake a throng
Of inmost echo to the wonder it speaks ;
Glory unto the glory of its song.



V.—DAY TO THE WORLD.

FAR-OFF : O is it so far-off that we
In wanderings long whither strange things abound,
In weariness of land and unknown sea,

Nigh that high voice in listening shall not be,
Nor ever know the beauty of its sound?

Far-off what is it that our souls would seek?
The speech of high heaven whose the whispers were
That fell about us when the dawn was weak;
The voice that to our wandered souls shall speak
Of truth that comforteth in clear tones and fair.

A voice to tell us if it be all vain
To taste the fulness of our life of earth;
To tell us if a joy on earth remain
That is not joy of love; if there be gain
In straying through the isles where dawn has birth.

Some souls have heard it, watching through the night
And darkness of their life; they waited long
In soundless places until dawn of light;
In came upon them when the East was bright
With morning, and their hearts were filled with song.

They heard that voice and in no unknown tongue,
It came about them: they arose in might
Of terrible song, and filled with strength they sung
Songs that have shaken all this world and rung
Round the wide heaven that opened o'er them in light.

They sung aloud, the prophet and the seer,
While the world slumbered, knowing not that day
Was come, and that the opened heaven was clear
Unto all eyes; that glory had drawn near
Unto the earth, and mystery fled away.

The world awakened, wondering as it heard
Marvellous sounds and songs of mystery,
And strange wild voices that her high air stirr'd ;
But the wide waters that the wide world gird
Rejoiced with all the islands of the sea.

The world heard dimly the mysterious tone
Of that one voice, and knew that it was sweet ;
But unto hearts the language was unknown,
It seemed in such strange tongue the heart alone
That watched and waited long its truth could meet.

The prophet heard it, unto him it seemed
No mystery, but full of things unseen ;
His soul arose, and to the world that dreamed
In wonder, sung, and in his song light streamed
Over all places where no light had been.

The mystery and the wonder yet to be
Came unto him translated from the sound ;
He saw things which the earth's eyes could not see,
And spake them in the earth's ears, to the free
Glad waters and to ways where waves abound.

Glory and Freedom and unwasting Light
Unto the world he sung ; and nightier things,
Breaking of day, and waning of the night,
And calmness and a Rest ; a world made bright
With splendour richer than the morning brings.

He sung, and with his singing the world woke
Marvelling, but knew not of the things he sung,

It only knew that far away day broke
With hope of light ; it heard the voice that spoke,
Was it the perfect truth in a strange tongue?

But the sound came ; its inspiration filled
The prophet and the poet and the seer ;
The air above the awakened world was thrilled
With strength of song ; one breath of sound instilled
These souls that saw far-off pure day appear.

This was the inspiration which inspired
The prophet, speaking through the world's strong youth ;
This inspiration was the flame that fired
The poet's lips, lifting souls worn and tired
Of night, to gaze upon the day and truth.

This was the life that made immortal all
The prophet's words, the poet's songs of might ;
This made them stand triumphant o'er the fall
Of loftiest nations, and their kings, and tall
Cities that, broken, fell in utter night.

Yca, they abode amid the flame and shock
Of the battle, and amid the ruining crash
Of falling cities and their towers, the rock
Of song stood, and with echoes seemed to mock
Blow of the assailant and the swift axe's flash.

Amid the wailing of a world it came,
Breaking bonds of the captive and the bound ;
It burst the bars of prisons and gates of shame,

The crusht nation arose ; but its fierce flame
Consumed the conquerors and discrowned the crowned.

They had smitten the rock, and thence broke fury of fire,
Making the sharp steel melt in smoke ; it roll'd
Flame over earth to heaven ; on helmets dire
Flame blazed ; the monarch's crown was as a brier
Burning, that seared the brow within its hold.

It cried unto a desolate people, " Arise,"
And they arose mightily in its might ;
It cried against the conqueror, and its cries
Were as the roaring of the sea, when skies
Shudder, made wild with tempest of a night.

Wonders and great deeds by its voice were wrought ;
The world has changed, but the clear song abides
Immortal ; though the splendour that it brought
Is perisht, though its kingdoms are as nought,
It has not changed with changes of Time's tides.

This came forth of the lips of those who heard
And breathed the breath of that high sound, the sound
We look for, we abiding in the gird
Of this great sea, beneath a sky unstirr'd
By any touch of wind from brinks around.

Is it so far off that we shall not hear
The perfect sound whose echo only speaks
In this sea's voice when joy of day is near ?
Our soul looks for the perfect sound and clear,
With breath of high heaven to the soul that seeks.

We hear no voice of man on these far ways ;
We see no face but God's face on the deep ;
Into the distance free from dawn we gaze :
Is there an isle beneath those broken rays
Where Rest abides that is not rest of sleep ?



VI.—INSPIRATION.

I.

THIS was their might : to see within these things
Of Nature's giving, the life-truth that lay
Hidden to eyes not theirs, hidden in grey
Mysterious dawn o'er the world's slumberings :
Hidden but beating wildly with strong wings
Of burning light and eager for the day,
Within all things beheld beneath the ray
Of heaven's sun shed from where the first beam springs.

This was their might : to look beyond the cloud
Clothing the ways of earth, and see the strong
Pure earnest life throbbing through all the throng
Of God's stars in God's heaven that o'er them bow'd.
Yea, they looked through all shadow and sung aloud
Of sky and stars in strength of passion-song.

2.

A whisper of starlight heard upon the deep ;
Songs of the Truth sung by the slumberless seas ;
The wondrous silence of this calm no breeze
Sunders ; a Rest that is not rest of sleep :
All speak soul-voiced unto the souls that keep
Silence with these of silence, song with these
That sing strange song, that speak of mysteries
By sun and stars that over calm heavens creep.

Our hearts have heard, longing to know, to breathe
Into our life the Truth which can be found
In life with these so full of joy of sound ;
We yearn with our souls' being to inwreath
The Truth—the Hope—the Life that beats beneath
The forms of things above us and around.

THE BREAKING OF THE CALM.



I.—HEAVEN AND SEA.

THE calm of great seas is about us,
And warm calm of air ;
The loud world is shaken without us
In passion and care.

They shout and make war, they are shaken
In wrath and fierce strife ;
But hither no noise comes to waken
This dreaming of life.

No cry of the world floateth hither,
Nor any man's breath,
The sounds of our own voices wither
And wane unto death.

All voices and all sounds are wasted
And die on these seas ;

Our souls in this calmness have tasted
No breath of loud breeze.

The calmness remaineth unbroken
By voices of sound ;
The words we have heard dimly spoken
Fade and perish around.

We hear not the shout and commotion
Of nations that war,
They are loud, but we cling to an ocean,
The world is afar.

We behold nought but sea and blue heaven
And the changing of day ;
No wind with these waters has striven,
No winds hither stray.

The world of our fleeing appeareth
A grey dream that strays,
Our soul clad in thick calmness feareth
To speak of dead days.

All thought of the fallen time waneth,
Becoming as nought ;
No dream of fair dead things remaineth
With sadness of thought.

We feel that around us is wonder,
A marvel of sky,
With marvellous water-depths under,
Most clear to our eye.

The sun that is splendid of moving
 Stands o'er us at noon ;
Night bringeth the stars that are loving
 And glory of moon.

We gaze as one gazes in dreaming
 To the waters at sleep,
We behold in their depths the rich gleaming
 Green places of deep.

The valleys of green seas that slumber
 Overclung by sea-vines,
And the long streaming plants without number,
 And the weed that entwines ;

The place of green fruits and sea-flowers
 That strain as the stream
Of the high sea bends over bowers,
 Swayed long as in dream ;

The grottoes of crystal, the places
 Of deep coral caves ;
The banks rich in pearl and the traces
 Of conflict of waves ;

The haunts where strange sea-things have pleasure ;
 The hollow sea-glen ;
The valleys of marvellous treasure ;
 The graves of dead men.

In dreams through the day we behold them,
 And noontide is done,

Fair things ; and cool waters infold them,
With no beam of sun.

We linger in deep calm and quiet
Of passionless sea ;
No wind of the world floateth nigh it,
No swift airs that flee.

No cloud cometh hither to cover
The sun from our eyes,
No breath of the vapours that hover
In uttermost skies.

The clear truth no longer is hidden
By man's breath that obscures ;
No light of God's lights is forbidden,
But their glory endures.

They are round us, above us, beneath us,
The Light and the Love ;
They are nigh us, their glories inwreath us
With truth from above.

They die not as things of the distance
Of far earth have died ;
They endure ever sweet of existence ;
In our hearts they abide.

They have filled us with comfort of breathing,
Through this sunset that falls
In hues richly woven inwreathing
The high heaven-walls.

They abide though this sun fall, attended
With dyes that infold,
With glory of girding and splendid
With glitter of gold.

II.—THE CALM OF DOUBT.

CLOSED in with calm that hangeth from still sky
To waters' breast,
How long, O soul, art thou content to lie
In unripen rest?

To lie and dream this dim life is a dream
No waves' stir shakes ;
A dream no brilliance breaking from the beam
Of morning breaks.

To lie and linger through the languid noon,
Made thick with light ;
To wait and watch the lifting of the moon
Through the rich night?

To watch the water blaze with foam of fire
About thy feet ;
When seas and midnight glorious of attire,
With starlight meet?

How long in calm of world and seas unrent
Wilt thou have sleep ?
How long with slumber wilt thou be content
On this great deep ?

Here comes no wind nor any laden air
In fragrance fond,
Yet thou hast dreams about thee, sweet and fair,
Of isles beyond.

To thee great dreams float on this slumbrous waste
With warm life-breath ;
The breath of dreams hast thou delight to taste
Till dreams bring death ?

Has the sea, speaking large and many-voiced,
Told thee of nought ?
By the strong shout wherewith its soul rejoiced
Wast thou not taught ?

The voice wherewith seas to the dead stars spoke,
Hast thou not heard ?
The voice that out of dawning places broke,
When seas were stirred ?

When stars broke forth from opening heaven o'er thee,
And night was still,
Didst thou not hearken to the whispering sea
With thoughts that thrill ?

When all the stars that blossomed in new heaven
Sung a new song,

Was not thy throbbing heart in hearkening riven
Beneath the throng ?

When thou didst hear the unfaltering feet of morn
On the sky's brink,
Thine eyes beheld night waste away outworn,
And her stars shrink ;

Then as the soul of the fresh day arose
And fled o'er seas,
Awakening the sea's spirit from repose
With her garment's breeze ;

Didst thou not hear them talk of wondrous things
Not in strange tongue ?
The sea's clear voice and morning's murmurings
In one tone rung.

The voices came upon thee with the breath
Of unsearched lands,
Where perfect truth of life still tarrieth,
Freed from man's hands.

A vision rose at entering of the day
From morn's fresh youth,
Thine eyes beheld, although the dawn was grey,
The Light of truth.

Man's bondage trampled underneath her feet,
To thee she seemed
A glory ; and about her waters beat,
And splendours streamed.

This was thy vision in the dreaming dawn ;
O wondrous fair ;
And when the doubtful twilight was withdrawn
Was thy heart bare ?

The dream that made earth glorious ere the sun
Rose to thy sight
When the East blazed and day burst forth and won
The heavenly height.

In that soft dawn wherein all sea things seemed
Afar from thee ;
In that strange hour before the risen day streamed
Full on the sea :

The vision to thy doubtful sight appeared
From thee most far,
On the warm brinks broken by light and cleared
Of mist and star.

Her wouldst thou follow, thou a wanderer
On these strange seas ?
Careth thy dreaming heart to follow her
To clasp her knees ?

Yea, wouldst thou follow, thou that dreamest here
Through these dream days,
Unmoved in moveless calm on heavens grown clear
O'er deep sea ways ?

She is no dream though vision-wise she came,
And dream-wise spoke,

For from her footsteps morn began to flame
And clear day broke.

But thou ; between divisions that divide
The world without,
Wilt thou in slumber rest thee and abide
In calm of doubt ?

Thou dreamest, and another moon shall rise
Large over thee,
And night come forth with new worlds to thine eyes,
And mystery.



III.—A WIND FROM THE SUNSET.

WHAT is this strangely stirred on far ocean
Cast forth of the sun,
Like the breath of God's spirit its motion
This fair spirit one ?

With glory of sunset and wonder
Of islands beyond,
It comes ; its breath breaketh in sunder
The calm as a bond.

A wind, a marvel, a splendour
Cast forth in the calm ;

A wind-spirit coming most tender
In breathing of balm..

O cool and most gracious it cometh,
Most gentle and sweet ;
The water wakes whither it roameth
With glistening of feet.

Broken hither it comes from far places,
And falls on the sea ;
With the glow of God's face on our faces
It comes and is free.

With the glow of red sunset upon us
We drink of its breath,
With the passion of suns that o'ershine us
Ere seasons of death.

It is sweet on our lips that have tasted
No wind many days,
It falls on our face, it is wasted
O'er seas as we gaze.

It is broken, the calm, it is broken,
The still sea is stirr'd
As the void of earth woke when was spoken
The world-making word.

The still sea awakes, it is shaken
As this wind moveth past ;
And the wonders of waters awaken ;
The calm is out-cast.

The sea is unbound and rejoices,
In freedom of song ;
The songs of the sea and its voices
Through the thick sunset throng.

It bears on its swift wings the golden
Hues borne from the West ;
And the dyes of the isles un beholden
It bears on its breast.

It cometh—a spirit—to meet it,
Our spirits arise ;
They wander in sunset to greet it
That comes from far skies.

And spirits of things we have seen not
Draw nigh us unheard,
Through the tremulous air that has been not
For many days stirr'd.

Clear songs of free spirits are filling
The world of glad sea ;
The strength of pure singing is thrilling
The waters made free :

We behold these fair spirits for long days
Unseen by our eyes,
The beauties, the splendours of song-days
Come forth from far skies.

Our spirits cling unto their faces
With lips wildly prest,

With the rapture of long-lost embraces,
With breast unto breast.

And the beings of places before us,
Of the dim unseen isle,
Are nigh us and float singing o'er us
And linger and smile.

We feel them float hither, as gracious
In motion they move,
We arise in a song to the spacious
Air-paths that they love.

Through the faint rich twilight of even
The glad spirits throng ;
The wind and the world and the heaven
Are thrilling in song.

We rejoice with the gladness of lovers
Till ending of even,
And night cometh o'er us and covers
With starlight the heaven.

The heavens and air-space and wide ocean
In one song rejoice ;
And the spirits with gladness of motion,
Have lifted their voice.

In passion of freedom our voices
Go onward and flee,
With the joy of a heaven that rejoices,
Of a world that is free.

IV.—A WORLD MADE FREE.

WE are free : on the waters calm-laden
We have slumbered and slept many days,
And awaked but to watch the day fade in
Strong sunset on far heaven ways :
We have looked through the twilight in doubting,
And wonder and mystery and fear ;
We have wakened with mirth and loud shouting
In gladness of freedom come near.

We are free ; all doubting has left us,
All doubts born of desolate years,
All dreams of the years that bereft us
Of joy, and of seasons of tears.
They are dead : the great calmness of dreaming
Is broken in sunder and riven ;
It is broken ; and round us are gleaming
The stars singing clear in new heaven.

We are free : we are borne to the splendour
Of new lands with hope in our heart,
Of shores where the wind's voice is tender,
Of coasts whence no joy doth depart.
With a song in our souls we flee thither,
With a lay they have learnt of the sea,
With a song whose sound never shall wither
In the hearts that have heard and are free.

We are free : as a bird that would follow
Her lay on the way it has fled,
And rises swift-winged to the hollow
Blue places of heaven overhead :
We would follow our song to strange places
In the midst of strange waters that roll
Into distance and break at the bases
Of heaven with the song of their soul.

LOOKING NORTHWARD.



SHADOWED with green leaves on the Northern shore
I lay : and summer came to me with love
Of breaking blossoms ; from the bough above
Songs thrilling the warm air ; and evermore
The sea-swept ripples' lisps till I wore
The season's calmness in the shadowy grove.

A love came when the green leaf overspread
The dim ways of the woodland, when the scent
Of young leaves dreamed about the hearts that went
Wandering listless, with claspt boughs o'erhead,
And underfoot blue flowers, and no leaf dead,
And no branch of the woodland denseness rent.

Ah the sweet noons through whose long depth we lay
Looking out to the sea made bright by beams
Sun-shed ; when bringing to our eyes rich dreams
Of southern calmness white ships on their way
Glittered with loosened sail, fair as the day
Shed over them the sheer strength of its streams.

Ah the long wanderings as the even's gold
Hung over waters, and the lingering dyes

Made the heaven wondrous unto longing eyes ;
Ah the first star-breath floating in the fold
Of purple twilight trembling till stars untold
Came with the night unto the shadowy skies.

Moonlight of gold upon the golden sand,
And silver moonlight on the silver sea,
And moonlight whispering through each glossy tree ;
And ever over breadths of summer land
Silence : and ever lying in my hand
A hand tender of touch. Ah sweet to me.

The summer wasted : is there anywhere
A love on earth that lingers through the brief
Twilights of autumn, when the season's grief
Comes nigh the woodland with a wind of care
Shivering among loose leaves and making bare
The heart of joy—the branch of the sere leaf?

Nay, for the loose leaf—the sere leaf and shrill—
Shaken by the cool wind, is whirled and brusht
From the strained branch and tost among the crusht
Things of the season's dead on wood and hill ;
And when the songs of summer birds are still,
The singing of the summer's love is husht.

Departed, all departed, past, all past,
And I stood by the bare grey sea alone,
Breathing the mist ; but lo, amid the moan
Of the dead land, a sound came nigh me, cast
Through the damp vapour dimly but at the last
Shaking the thick eve with its strength of tone.

The birds of passage past with cries away
Southward ; and sounds of " follow, follow " fell
Through the air : unto my heart they seemed to tell
Of lands beyond ; of hope shed with the ray
Of Southern sun, and till the break of day
Of isles whereon all things of summer dwell.

I listened longing ; then as a last bird
Fallen or strayed through midnight out of sound
Of the first flight, wanders with wail around
The vaporous coast until the sea is stirr'd
In morn, and with the first grey light are heard
Sounds, and his fellowship of song is found :

So dimly following the dim voice we rose
And fled unto the sea : yea and the night
Fell round us upon the deep, and waves and white
Foam broke about us ; storm-fear and night-woes
Came unto us with wildness till the close
Of that blind time and breaking of the light.

Then as the cloud o'er us was smitten and rent,
The sound of hope was heard upon the deep ;
And the sea calmed, the strong storm ceast to keep
Its passion, and the darkness was outspent ;
Thus in the sound for many days we went,
Seeing nought but heaven and long calm seas at sleep.

Then our thought broadened as the sea grew wide
About us ; for all things of the dead Past
Were buried on the grey coast overcast
With cloud ; and when the Northern stars had died,

Within our heart no dim thought did abide ;
But new stars rose and the heaven seemed more vast.

Vaster the heaven seemed over us, the sea
Grew ever broader round us ; and new thought
From watching sea and heaven to us was brought ;
Clear hope rose with new stars from places free
Of cloud, for in their light there seemed to be
The strength of truth which our souls long had sought.

Our eyes have seen the morn's gold-sandalled feet
Stand on the waters at the heaven's low brink ;
We too have looked out vastly seeing sink
The red sun, and when we beheld him meet
Seas that about the red heaven broke and beat
Did not our souls of the full sunset drink ?

Swathed in with sunset, breathing of its might,
Have we not known things wondrous to be known,
Wonder of places which our eyes alone
Looked unto ; and in calmness of the night
Have we not dwelt for long in the delight
Of living stars singing in no strange tone ?

All things about us that our eyes have seen
Have taken speech and spoken to our ear
Words full of love and things most sweet to hear,
In song more gracious than had ever been
Heard by our hearts when shadowed in the green
Of bough we lay and knew no leaf was sere.

All things that we have heard thrill in one song
Full of the deep compassion of the Love ;

This sea of islands to the stars above
Breathes it by night, and all the stars that throng
The ways of heaven make answer to the long
Waters of earth that round the low stars move.

One perfect song making the deep rich night
Gracious of sound until the starlights wane
Feeble in morn ; a song whose tones remain
Trembling through twilight till the sea is bright
With the true day and shedding of perfect light
From spotless heaven to waters without stain.

This is the sound the Bird of Passage knows
When the leaves fall about the Northern Home,
In love of which it feareth not to roam
Forth from the shadowy land of autumn woes :
Our hearts seek now the land of its repose
Where no sounds but of perfect love have come.

We seek this Love which in her wanderings
The searching swallow even now hath found :
And we would wander guided by the sound
That ever about the Northern swallow sings :
The love-song living in the far-off things
Of islands lying where strange seas abound.

THE END OF VOL. I.

